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MR. THURMAN'S SPEECH IN OHIO.

Upon resumption, Mr. Thurman spoke as follows:

"The Republican speakers and Republican press are crowing lustily about what they call the resumption of specie payments. Behold, say they, we are on the eve of prosperity; resumption brought this about, and we brought about resumption; ergo, you should all support the Republican party. My friends, it requires no great powers of analysis to explode this sophistry. In the first place, have we specie payments? Do any of your debtors pay you in specie unless the debt be five dollars or less? Do the banks pay their creditors in specie? Try, and see if they do. Collect as many bank-bills as you can, and assort them. Out of $10,000 you will have probably not over $200 on the national banks of Columbus. The remaining $9800 are of banks scattered all over the republic. To present them at the banks that issue them would require you to travel thousands of miles, and incur hundreds of dollars of expense. To present them at the Treasury Department in Washington would cost less, but yet would be onerous and expensive. So you abandon the idea of doing either. But you have $200 of Columbus bills. You present them at the banks and demand specie. Do you get it? Not unless the banks see fit to give it to you. Our Columbus banks are very accommodating, and I have no doubt that, in a case of necessity, they would oblige you by giving you specie for your $200 of their notes. But they are not obliged to do so, and were you to present $5000 or $10,000 of their bills for redemption, they would not do so. They would pay you in the much-derided greenback. Then what would you do with the greenbacks if you wanted specie for them? Present them to any Federal officer in Columbus for redemption? If you did, he would smile at your ignorance, and politely tell you that the government does not redeem greenbacks in Columbus; that if you want specie for them, you must carry or send them to the city of New York, and present them to the Assistant-Treasurer of the United States. Well, you can't afford to incur that trouble, expense, and loss, and so you conclude to keep your greenbacks. Why, what does the Secretary of the Treasury tell us in the speeches that he is delivering through the country, in order to illustrate, I suppose, the honesty of the President's civil service rules? Does he tell us that the government is redeeming greenbacks in specie? Far from it. He tells us that comparatively few greenbacks are presented for redemption. Our so-called specie payments, therefore, are no specie payments at all. Neither individuals, banks, nor the government make payments in specie. Paper money, when undoubtedly good, is so much more convenient than specie that it keeps specie out of circulation. In no country that uses small paper money can there be a specie circulation, except small change. In England and France there is veritable specie payment. Debts of large as well as small amount are often paid in specie. But in those countries there are no small notes, and hence a large proportion of the money in circulation is specie. In our country we have small notes of both the government and the banks, and hence we have no specie in circulation worth mentioning, except our subsidiary coins of half dollars and less. But while we have no specie payments, accurately speaking, I admit that our paper money has been brought to a par with specie. Of the sacrifices suffered by the people in order to bring this result about, of the shrinkage of all values, the paralysis of all industries, the thousands of laborers thrown out of employment, the bankruptcies amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, I shall not speak to-night. If there is any one here who thinks that we have not paid very dearly for the whistle, I will not to-night attempt to disturb his belief. But when the Secretary of the Treasury perambulates the country boasting of the achievement of bringing greenbacks to a par with coin, it is not improper to point out to him the grave-yards through which we have passed in our dreary march to this result. And when he claims that this consummation was brought about by the Resumption Act and his execution of it, it is eminently proper to show him how baseless is his claim, how hollow is his pretension."

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.

Mr. Ohio (*who did "afford to incur trouble, expense, and loss" to exchange his $10,000 in Greenbacks for Gold*). "That's good enough resumption for anybody. You keep it, in case I want it."

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine engraving, entitled* "*The Coast-Guard,*" *the conclusion of* "THE SUNKEN ROCK," *and a variety of interesting articles.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ *A new Serial Story, entitled*

GOLDEN-ROD: AN IDYL OF MOUNT DESERT,

will be begun in the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A WORD WITH SOME REPUBLICANS.

SOME days ago the *Herald* said:

"The *Herald* has lately been accused of a troublesome habit of advising the politicians and the voters; hence it modestly offers no advice to anybody in the present case. But we respectfully propound a question. *Harper's Weekly* and the *Evening Post* are prominent and able representatives of the 'anti-machine' sentiment: will our eminent and respected contemporaries—neither of which is an 'organ,' we observe—tell us and the public how an opponent of 'machine politics' ought to vote this fall?"

We have received also many letters like the following:

"Did the silence of Republicanism at the Saratoga Convention mean defeat and surrender, without the honor of a last struggle even? I don't know what to make of the situation. I don't want to vote a 'gag' ticket; I don't want to vote the Democratic ticket; I *do want to vote.* Yours truly, A REPUBLICAN."

From another quarter we have many reports of this kind:

"Much to my surprise and anxiety, I hear from several old Republicans that they will not vote for CORNELL."

From still another part of the State comes this vehement protest:

"I am not surprised to find a universal disposition among our Republican friends to vote for ROBINSON. The farmers and independent men all regard him as their friend, and were it not for national issues, you would see a universal revolt....I have never known such wholesale discontent. It only needs a word of assurance for the revolution to break out beyond control."

These are signs of the deep and serious Republican dissatisfaction with the action of the Saratoga Convention. It is a feeling which has not been hasty in expression. It has no disposition to take the form of a bolt, because it believes Republican ascendency to be indispensable to the welfare of the country. But it believes that Republican success in New York, whose vote is essential in the election of next year, has been wantonly endangered by the nomination of Mr. CORNELL, the especial representative of a quarrel and of "the machine." Those who hold this view believe also that the only way to save the State from the Democrats is to show to independent voters that Republican success does not mean necessarily the triumph of mere "machine" politics; and they desire to prove both that New York is really Republican, and that there are Republicans enough to rebuke the management of the party without reducing the Republican vote. Proof of such a spirit within the party will, in their judgment, persuade independent men that the party is not hopelessly hide-bound. There is unquestionably a wide-spread Republican apprehension that the election of Mr. CORNELL would be conclusive evidence to the country that Republican success next year would mean a restoration of everything which nearly lost the Republicans the election of 1876, and would work a total reversal of the progress made by the Administration of Mr. HAYES. In other words, it is a feeling that the election of Mr. CORNELL in New York this year would probably lead to the defeat of the party in the country next year, while his defeat, which would be the overthrow of the system of purely personal politics in the management of New York Republicanism, would next year rally the sound public opinion of the country to the Republican party as a party capable of reform from within.

Those who hold these views are, as we said, the sincerest of Republicans, and their object is one which the management at Saratoga seems not to have had in view, namely, Republican success next year. As very many of these Republicans have done us the honor to ask us how they can accomplish their purpose, we answer that there is but one way in which they can vote so as to defeat the machine, and at the same time to keep New York Republican. It is the only way in which the individual voter can ever affect party management; for when party managers discover that if they outrage the convictions of party followers those followers will not follow, the managers will take heed. To Republicans, therefore, who think of the party as Lord CHATHAM said of Parliament, that "it will reform itself from within, or be reformed with a vengeance from without," and who are resolved not to vote for Mr. CORNELL because they regard his nomination as a blow at the best interests of the party, our advice is not to vote the Democratic ticket, but to make their votes count for Republican principles, and against Republican mismanagement, by scratching the ticket. Should the whole ticket be defeated, they would not be responsible for any results of Democratic success. If the whole ticket should be elected, they would have done what they believed to be best for the party and for the country, and they would have learned a courage which is the great need of our politics.

UNITY, FRATERNITY, AND CONCORD.

THE New York Democratic platform says:

"We insist on unity, fraternity, and concord, and that the issues settled by the war shall not be revived. We deprecate the efforts of the Republican managers to revive sectional feuds and to rekindle the passions of the past."

This passage recognizes the fact, of which every intelligent person is aware, that our politics are as sectional as ever, and it lays the responsibility upon the Republican party. The truth is that the present political situation began with the action of the Democratic party in the caucus preceding the extra session, and in the deliberate Democratic rejection of the opportunity offered by the Administration of President HAYES. There was nothing hostile or sectional in the tone or the conduct of the Administrative. It did only its constitutional duty, indeed, but it was done in a way to show that it was disposed neither to prolong old ill feeling nor to generate new. The least political sagacity, to say nothing of patriotism, should have shown the Democratic leaders that honest co-operation with the national spirit of the Administration by summary repression in the Southern States by local opinion and local authority of the conduct which justly alarms and arouses the rest of the country would not only tend to a common good understanding of all sections, but to the discord of the Republican party.

Instead of this, we had the same old undisturbed Southern situation, the flagrant and undenied frauds at the polls, the same resolute system of foul play toward the colored voters, and at last, when for the first time in nearly twenty years the control of Congress passed into Democratic hands, the deliberate declaration of leading Democrats that if the demands of the caucus were not yielded by the President—demands intended to facilitate cheating and violence at the polls—the government should be starved out. This was followed by a debate in Congress in which Democrats virtually reiterated the doctrines upon which secession was defended, and which led to the civil war. Here we have the origin of the present political situation, and of the continued sectional aspect of politics. The declarations that the Republicans are responsible for it are both untrue and impudent. The supposition that the citizens of this country who are Republicans are less desirous of concord and peace and good understanding between the States of every section than those who are Democrats is in the highest degree absurd. Undoubtedly the most vicious and vindictive sectional feeling in the country at present is that of the Yazoo Democrats in every Southern State, who hate the names of "North" and "Republican," and who shoot dissenters for their opinions. It is upon the support of such voters and upon their methods that the Democratic party depends for a solid South, and for success in the Presidential election of next year; and the Democratic party "deprecates the efforts of Republican managers to revive sectional feuds," because they warn the country plainly that it is the Democratic purpose to carry the election by such methods.

The President and his Republican friends have been especially the party of sectional harmony, and had that been the desire of the Southern leaders and of Northern Democrats, some progress might have been made toward so good an end. But the Democrats have played a game in which they will be doubtless foiled. The President is now, as much as ever, favorable to peaceful methods, to just local self-government, and to conciliation. But he is not now and never has been in favor of hate and murder and tissue ballots. He holds now, as he has always held, that national elections should be under the national care, and that lawful national authority should be enforced wherever necessary. This is the doctrine of his veto messages, and this has been emphatically affirmed and his action warmly praised by all the Republican Conventions of the year. We look in vain through the long platform of the New York Democrats to find one word of condemnation of the wrongs done to the poorest and most defenseless class of citizens in one section of the Union. While it accuses Republican managers of fostering feuds and passions, it has no censure for the Democratic managers who prepared the Yazoo slaughter. While with fluent demagoguery it asserts that "if any class is to receive special consideration it should be the working people," it sees its own allies combined to crush the political rights of the working people of whole States, and utters not a whisper of reproof. Echoing in feeble phrase the great declaration of a Republican President, that "Democracy means the government of the whole people, for the whole people, and by the whole people," the Democrats of New York see without a sound a great part of the people forcibly and fraudulently deprived of their voice in the government, and gravely "deprecate the efforts of Republican managers to revive sectional feuds and to rekindle the passions of the past." It is this kind of intolerable insincerity and falsehood in the Democratic position and profession which holds every Republican fast within his own party lines, while it is the Democratic betrayal of "the working people" and of all popular principles in the Southern States which prolongs the bitter sectionalism and revives the old passions which every sensible citizen wishes to see at rest. All patriotic Republicans and other citizens deprecate the continued Democratic betrayal of the principles by which alone sectionalism can be banished from our politics.

THE TAMMANY BOLT.

THE KELLY Democratic schism in New York is serious, undoubtedly, but it is not necessarily fatal to Democratic success. It is serious, but it has also a great deal of comedy in it. The spectacle of Mr. DORSHEIMER, who, until the GREELEY episode of the Democracy, was a GRANT Republican, eloquently appealing to Democratic veterans to save the Democratic party by defying the most consummate Democratic politician ever known, must be, in the Lieutenant-Governor's calmer moments, exceedingly ludicrous even to a gentleman of his known sense of humor. Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, also, a most zealous antislavery Republican, and more recently the counsel of the Democratic Congressional filibusters against the Electoral Commission, and the especial advocate and friend of the Sage of Ciphers, is an equally good figure of elegant comedy when asserting Mr. KELLY's right to refuse to support Mr. TILDEN's candidate. And it was certainly a fine stroke of humor when Tammany, following these eminent late Republicans out of the Convention, lost its "regularity," and became, by all party canons, an irregular faction.

It remains to see what the result of the bolt will be. Republicans naturally contemplate it with equanimity. But they must not be deceived. There are obvious considerations which show that the contest in the State must be very close. The majority against us last year was decided, and although the Republican Judge of Appeals was fortunately elected by a plurality, this year the mass of the Greenback vote will return to the regular Democratic ticket. Besides this, the indignation of the rural Democratic districts with Tammany Hall and its effort to defeat the party will produce extraordinary exertions, and a consequently large vote. Again, the victory in the Convention resulted in the nomination of an exceptionally strong ticket by what is called the better element of the party, that is to say, the more intelligent and unselfish part, which holds to the party organization as the most feasible method of securing certain political results. These two things—the character of the ticket and the plain control of the party by the best Democrats—will attract to it the positive support of the great mass of the independent voters, who are peculiarly angry with the Republican action at Saratoga, while the same action has unquestionably disaffected a considerable body of Republicans. Mr. CORNELL can not poll even the whole true Republican vote, and if his total vote should seem to disprove the statement, it will be due obviously to the Tammany bolt, not to Republican approval. These are all considerations which are undeniable, but a still more powerful consideration remains. Whatever may be the Republican opinion of Mr. TILDEN, it is certain that he has two elements of immense strength as a party leader: he has the sympathy and support of the best element of his party; and he is by far the ablest politician in the country, with his party organization indisputably in his hands. Moreover, his nomination to the Presidency or his political extinction depends upon the result of the New York election of this autumn. It is evident, therefore, that if Republicans mean to prove that New York is Republican, they must fight for it. The defection of Mr. JOHN KELLY and his faction is not enough. They will struggle hard, as Mr. KELLY said at Syracuse, to defeat the Democratic candidate. They will make any combination that any of Mr. CORNELL's friends would accept, they will use any means, to secure that result. But nobody knows this and nobody knew it better before the Syracuse Convention than Mr. TILDEN. In the common phrase, he had already "discounted" the bolt. A weaker man might have bowed to the opposition, and accepted or proposed another candidate. But Mr. TILDEN knew that any other candidacy than that of Mr. ROBINSON would be his defeat, while the nomination of Mr. ROBINSON, even with the KELLY bolt, would show his power, and surround him with the prestige of success.

Tammany, of course, can count upon no considerable rural support. Its sole reliance is the city Democratic vote. The part of this vote, however, which Tammany hopes to affect is precisely that which Mr. TILDEN can more readily reach. It is a venal vote, and Mr. TILDEN can command much more money than Tammany. Tammany can coerce a few dependents by its patronage, but the bolt itself is due to the fact that Mr. TILDEN had taken the larger part of the patronage away from Tammany. As for organization, that of Mr. TILDEN will be very much more thorough and efficient than that of the bolters, whose bolt represents no principle whatever, and is merely the angry act of a small and desperate faction. It will be very perilous for Republicans to suppose that the bolt gives them the victory. Twice Mr. TILDEN has managed the Democratic campaign in New York: first in 1874, when he was elected Governor, and again in 1876, when he carried the State as a candidate for the Presidency. His connection with the cipher swindle has no more affected his position with his party than the association of his name with the fraudulent counting out of Mr. GRISWOLD ten years ago. Mr. SAMUEL HAND moved the renomination of Governor ROBINSON, and the character of Mr. HAND is the evidence of the character of the support upon which Mr. TILDEN and Mr. ROBINSON rely.

THE CHISHOLM CASE.

BEFORE the trial of the CHISHOLM murderers began, it was said that conviction was impossible. The trial was conducted apparently with all due form. The evidence of Mrs. CHISHOLM was as painful a story as has ever been told. The opposing testimony, so far as it has been published, did not in the least disprove her account of the tragedy. The case was argued and submitted to the jury, and in half an hour they returned a verdict of acquittal. This is valuable as evidence of the condition of the State, like the Yazoo murder of Mr. DIXON. Some Southern papers assert that the matter is no affair of any one beyond the immediate community, and that Northern papers and people had better attend to their own crimes and criminals. They have a habit of doing that very thing, and very much more effectively than the papers and people of the Southern States. The impression produced upon intelligent Northern citizens by such events as this acquittal is plainly stated in an open letter to ex-Governor A. G. BROWN, of Mississippi, from a gentleman in Michigan, which we find in a recent number of the New Orleans *Times*:

"The chief complaint I have to bring against the better class of Southerners at this time is what appears to me like cowardice in allowing the low-bred loafers who idle away their time from whiskey shop to whiskey shop, and make bar-room politics a vocation, to dictate to better men their action by terrorizing the poor, and overawing those who ought to be above fear or favor. If this view of the case is denied as fact, then I must hold the better class as responsible for the whole mischief."

Intelligent people at the South can not be surprised that they are supposed to be absolutely terrorized or utterly indifferent, and that the same class at the North is alarmed by the prospect of a Presidential election to be determined by a solid South.

The petulant repulsion of Northern expressions upon the subject as impudent meddling is one of the fruits of a false theory of State rights. Even if the Union were a mere partnership, every partner would be naturally and necessarily interested in the conduct and welfare of every other. In a partnership for any industrial or commercial purpose, every member would be vitally concerned in knowing that some of his associates were habitually drunkards or gam-

blers, although out of business hours. If a partner were accustomed to be daily drunk, or to gamble nightly, although in the privacy of his own house, he would be justly held to account by his associates; and if he attempted to plead that his private vices were his own affairs, they would teach him peremptorily that the hand is part of the head, and the foot of the arm, and that no part can be wounded without the whole body suffering. It is equally true of a nation like ours, even if it be only a nation, according to the New York Democratic platform, "to the extent and for the purposes defined in the Federal Constitution." In such a nation the barbarism of Mississippi, or of any part of Mississippi, affects the whole, and every part has a right to warn and protest when, for instance, it sees the honest vote of a district in New York nullified by open crime in a district of Mississippi. One such event as the Yazoo murder or the Chisholm acquittal is worth a hundred constitutional arguments to the Republican cause. And when intelligent and patriotic men see that it is the criminals themselves, and the public opinion which tolerates and justifies them, that denounce national election laws and bayonets at the polls, they pierce the mask and despise the maskers. The Democracy of New York denounce armed soldiers at the polls. So do all good citizens. But all good citizens also denounce armed rifle clubs and assassins at the polls. The Democracy of New York reply that they are for "untrammelled suffrage, free from Federal interference." And the Yazoo and Chisholm murderers shout Amen!

The people of New York, nationally allied with the people of Mississippi "for the purposes defined in the Federal Constitution," have a right to require that the United States shall protect the citizens of Mississippi, whom the people of the United States in the Constitution have made voters for members of Congress, in the exercise of that function. They have also the same right to appeal to public opinion in the State of Mississippi in pursuance of a common interest that they have to appeal to the public opinion of New York. It is very much better, undoubtedly, that such offenses as we have described should be corrected by local opinion and by local authority, and the very object of discussion and protest is to awaken that opinion and authority to their duty. But the people of the whole country have not abandoned themselves to the chances of the failure of that opinion and of those authorities to remedy the wrong. The Yazoo murder and the Chisholm acquittal will prove to be strong popular arguments for stringent national election laws.

NOBODY TO BLAME.

Dean Stanley will hardly get his memorial of the son of Louis Napoleon into Westminster Abbey; and Captain Carey, who had been selected as a scapegoat for the feeling arising from the young Prince's death, and who was sentenced to be cashiered, has been restored to his rank, and the finding quashed. The Duke of Cambridge, the commander-in-chief, has issued a criticism upon the affair, which scolds generally, and "nothing more."

The incident is an illustration of the extraordinary manner in which the staidest and gravest of nations "goes on" under certain sudden excitements, as when it executed Admiral Byng to encourage the rest of the navy. It shows also a certain romantic strain in John Bull, the existence of which nobody who has watched him closely doubts. The French youth was felt somehow to be a protégé of the nation. He went out manfully to the foolish Zulu war, and he was summarily and savagely killed. John Bull had an incompatible feeling of guilt or responsibility, and snatched up Captain Carey with an oath, and made loud lamentation, and provided a splendid burial, and proposed to commemorate the French boy among the great Englishmen—then stopped, reflected, and looked sheepish and ashamed.

We shall hear no more of the unfortunate youth, probably, except as we hear of the Duke of Reichstadt, although the late Prince was evidently manlier, and he will have a line in history because of his name and his fate.

INVISIBLE STATESMEN.

Few of our readers have ever heard probably of Mr. Herbert, Sir Julian Pauncefote, Mr. Lambert, and Sir Henry Thring. They are names that sound like Christopher Sly and Old John Naps of Greece. Yet these are the names of men who, according to the London *Spectator*, "really carry on the administration of England; men amongst whom we very often find, as in the case of the late Sir John Lefevre, a calibre of mind so high that the only wonder is that they do not take the command, instead of almost delighting to aid in unobtrusively solving the somewhat Kantian problem—how parliamentary government is *a priori* possible."

This class of public officers is the most indispensable of all; and the *Spectator* says that their sudden disappearance would cause a much greater shock to the state than that of the visible and responsible statesmen. They are generally men of extraordinary accomplishment and peculiar ability, often with great diplomatic tact and readiness. Sir John Lefevre, for instance, who retired four years ago, at the age of seventy-nine, was Senior Wrangler at Oxford sixty years ago, a great mathematician, and a great linguist. He was very familiar with general literature, and with most of the European languages, having mastered the Russian after he was sixty years old. His judgment and his organizing power were equally remarkable. He decided the division lines of the English counties for the purposes of the great Reform Act. He largely organized the administration of the new Poor Law. He composed happily a bewildering quarrel between the New Zealand Company and the Colonial Office. He made peace between the Royal Scottish Academy, the Edinburgh Royal Institution, and the Board of Manufactures. He devised a working scheme for the distribution of the patronage of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

These were chiefly extra tasks. His especial function was that of clerk of the Parliaments. He had been Under Secretary for the Colonies, but his taste was for harmonizing the details of administration. Such a man, and such as the unknown gentlemen whose names we have mentioned, disprove the common assertion, that long tenure makes "dead wood." Undoubtedly officers may become mechanical and formal. But many of the most useful of our own public officers are those whom our evil tradition of the spoils belonging to the victors has spared. The disadvantages of "dead wood" are a thousand-fold overbalanced by the advantages of the official spirit and interest and efficiency which are produced by the consciousness of a secure and sensible tenure.

EDMUND BURKE.

We have often called attention to the valuable series of "English Men of Letters"—moderate volumes of delightful biographies of the most eminent authors in the language. The series is edited by John Morley, and the latest issue is *Edmund Burke*, by Mr. Morley himself. He had already published a valuable volume upon Burke, which was mainly critical, but which showed how thorough and careful a study of his subject he had made. The present book is more biographical, and is probably the most satisfactory estimate of Burke from the liberal point of view.

Mr. Morley is an extreme but remarkably well equipped radical, and Burke was the most intense and sincere of conservatives. But his biographer has the most appreciative sympathy with him, and his insight reveals the mainspring of Burke's mind. We say that it is the most satisfactory account of Burke from the liberal side, but, upon the whole, we should call it the best account of him that we have. Mr. Morley's information is ample, and his critical faculty is exquisitely trained, and throughout the story there is a kindly human feeling which fosters in the reader the affection for the great man which the author evidently feels. The author discriminates well the comparative value of the different works, and he rates very high the speech on conciliation with America, the speech on American taxation, and the letter to the sheriffs of Bristol. He thinks that these together form the most perfect manual for the study of public affairs, whether for practice or for theory. The great thought of the American speeches is that the discussion of right is foolish, since the sole question is the expediency of exercising it. Granting that the right exists, it does not follow that it would be wise or right to exercise it. This is one of the principles which make Burke's speeches and writings upon questions of the day treatises for all time. It is a principle as sound in American statesmanship to-day as it was in that of England a hundred years ago.

Mr. Morley's tone is very quiet, but his style is forcible, accurate, and elegant, if not picturesque, and his very great ability makes any book that he may write attractive. He has reserved for himself, of the other works in the series, the lives of Swift and Gray, and his perfect familiarity with the history and literature of the last century, which he has chosen to display hitherto rather in depicting the characteristic Frenchmen of the period of the Revolution, assures us of two striking and valuable works. No recent publication is more interesting for the general reader than this expanding series of important biographies.

THE JEWS IN EUROPE.

The attempts to exclude Jews from one or two American summer resorts are, in one aspect of the case, but evidences of their prosperity. So many of them have the means to enjoy summer recreation that they form an appreciable element of hotel population. This is to their credit, for their prosperity comes, no doubt, of their energy and their frugality. But the evidences of the general advance of the Jews are more striking on the continent of Europe than even in the United States. Professor Von Schulte, of the University of Munich, has shown from the statistics of education in Prussia that more Jews attend the Gymnasia and Realschulen of that kingdom, in proportion to their aggregate numbers, than either Catholics or Protestants. According to population, of the total of scholars, there ought to be—Catholics, 36 per cent.; Protestants, 62 per cent.; and Jews, 1.2 per cent. In point of fact, in the Prussian Gymnasia, 68.6 of the students are Protestants, 21.1 are Catholics, and 9.9 Jews. In the Realschulen 11.6 per cent. of the students are Catholics, 79.5 per cent. Protestants, and 8.4 Jews. That is to say, while the Protestant students exceed the ratio of Protestant population by a small percentage, the Jewish students exceed the ratio of Jews to the whole population by eight hundred per cent.

The significance of these figures lies in the fact that only graduates of the Gymnasia and Realschulen can occupy government positions of importance. Professor Von Schulte says, candidly, "If this proportion should continue in the future, it needs no prophet to foretell that the officers of state, the medical and legal professions, trade and industry, will pass in ever-increasing proportions in Germany into the hands of the Jews." The professor is not governed, in making this admission, by any partiality; he is not a Jew, but one of the leaders of the Old Catholics. He merely draws an inference from the educational statistics of Prussia.

It is evident that the Jews in Germany, being relieved of the disabilities which have oppressed them for centuries, are making a bold push for the leading positions in the liberal professions and the service of the state. They can only win them by merit, and what they win in that way they are entitled to hold. Success in the serious pursuits of life will secure for them the victory over social prejudice, as it does for the successful the world over. Indeed, the prejudice against them, *as a race*, has neither good sense nor good Christianity to stand upon.

"AMUSEMENT."

The other evening a man in Providence went into a glass tank full of water, stirred up an alligator six feet long until he was furious and opened his mouth. Then the man put his head into it for what is called the "amusement" of the spectators, and the reptile instantly closed his jaws, but somehow did not kill the man, who, after a struggle, emerged with gashed cheeks; and presently returning to the tank, he forced the alligator into submission, and the "amusement" proceeded.

Paternal governments would probably forbid the wanton risk of human life as a public amusement; but if a man wishes to make a living by trying to lose his life, perhaps in a republic his endeavor should be permitted. It may be argued that if there are men who wish to put their heads between the jaws of a maddened alligator, they should be allowed to do it, as the shortest and easiest method of dealing with them.

Captain Waterton, in his delightful book of adventures in South America, relates that he once jumped on the back of an alligator, or cayman, and twisting the "fore-legs" of the reptile over his back, held him fast. There were no spectators of the feat, and the story is entertaining. But even Captain Waterton, were there a thousand spectators, would hardly have thrust his head into a cayman's mouth. Skillful daring is one thing, but fool-hardiness is another.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. William Shelton, of Buffalo, commemorated on Sunday, September 14, his fiftieth anniversary sermon in that parish. He has been longer in the rectorship of that parish than has any Episcopal clergyman, now living, in any parish in the United States. Dr. Shelton is also the senior alumnus of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in the United States, and is still hale and hearty, and regular in the performance of his parochial duties. The anniversary brought together several dignitaries of the Church—Bishop Fuller, of Niagara, Canada, Bishop Talbot, of Indiana, and the Rev. Dr. Bolles, of Cleveland. Dr. Shelton has for more than a quarter of a century past been a prominent member of the Protestant Episcopal General Convention in the United States, and is universally known and esteemed by its clergy and laity. During the fifty years of his ministry he has baptized 2147 persons, united in matrimony 972 couples, and has laid in their graves 1214. Dr. Shelton's father was the first deacon ever ordained in the Episcopal Church in America, and his rectorship in Fairfield, Connecticut, lasted for nearly fifty years.

—Mr. Leonard Montefiore, who died at Newport September 6, at the age of twenty-seven, was one of the most promising young men of the time among the Israelites of the world. To talents of a high order he added culture, aptitude, and great industry. He was impressed with a profound idea of the duty which devolved upon him in view of his wealth, social position, and the historic renown of his family. The fact that he was the grandson of Sir Moses Montefiore won for him the greatest regard of American Israelites. Sir Moses may be said to be the leader of the Hebrews of all the earth. He is more than a millionaire in opulence; but it is not his money that has secured for him his position; it is rather the wisdom which has marked his whole career as one of the controlling minds of his race. Young Mr. Montefiore had made his mark in the literary circles of London, and had contributed several articles to the *Nineteenth Century*. One of the main objects of his visit to this country was the study of the socialistic developments of the Oneida and similar communities. His funeral was attended by many of the most distinguished of the Hebrew and Christian families of New York. The pall-bearers were Cyrus W. Field, Maurice de Bunsen, M. Greenough, Dr. Watson, M. Macmillan, M. Massonnat, Lewis May, William Sulzbacher, Benjamin S. Hart, Harry H. Marks, Montague Marks, and Dr. A. Isaacs. Among the gathering were the Rev. S. Welsch, of the Temple Ahawath Chesed; the Rev. L. Sternberger, of the Temple Beth-El, and Dr. Nieto, of the Nineteenth Street Synagogue; the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, a clergyman of the Church of England; M. De Bunsen, secretary of the British legation, who accompanied the body of Mr. Montefiore from Newport; ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish; T. Kuzman; Henry S. Allen; S. L. Cohen; B. J. Hart; Aaron Wolfe; L. Gershel; and the entire boards of trustees of the leading synagogues.

—The Rev. Mr. Ross, pastor of the Webster Street Baptist Church, New Haven, received into his church a few Sundays since a man one hundred and eight years of age, who has been a church member eighty years.

—Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, and a son of John Bright met a few days since in State Street, Boston. Mr. Phillips, on being introduced to Mr. Bright, greeted him cordially, and said, "I am very glad to meet you, but I would rather meet your father." "My father is better worth meeting," modestly answered Mr. Bright. "I wish you could persuade your father to visit us," said Mr. Phillips. "I am afraid he does not like, or fears, the sea," was the reply. "We should be content if he would come and make us just one speech," added Mr. Phillips. "Ah!" said Mr. Bright, "I think my father fears that more." Mr. Bright is taller than his illustrious father, but has his massiveness and force of carriage. The expression of his features is that of his mother. In a speech he made a year ago in his native town he displayed much of his father's vigor and fire.

—A notable theatrical performance is about to take place in Manchester, England, for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. Calvert—notable from the fact that several prominent amateurs will assist in the representation of *As You Like It*, among them Mr. Tom Taylor, who will "double" the widely different parts of old Adam and the clown Touchstone. Mr. Burnand, the dramatist, will represent the courtier Le Beau; Mr. Alma Tadema, the artist, will take some part; and Mr. Edmund Yates, Charles the wrestler. Mr. Yates comes of a family renowned in the drama, his father and mother having been artists of the very highest class.

—William H. Howard, one of the most distinguished and practically successful of American inventors, died a few days ago at Media, Pennsylvania, aged eighty-two. He was born in Ware, Massachusetts, and early displayed inventive talent. In Worcester he invented the wire machinery that has since grown into an enormous manufacturing interest. He was also the inventor of machinery for drawing lead pipe, sorting type, braiding straw, improvements in looms, and held high rank as a woollen manufacturer and an engineer.

—Mrs. Mary Howe, of Natick, Massachusetts, mother-in-law of the late Vice-President Henry Wilson, celebrated the ninety-third anniversary of her birthday on the 11th of September.

—Kosciusko's will is among the archives of Albemarle County, Virginia. It is signed, "T. Kosiuzalio," and was admitted to record on the 12th of May, 1819. Thomas Jefferson, who was appointed executor, declined the executorship, in which the testator authorized the sale of all his property in the United States, and with the proceeds to purchase and educate, in trades or otherwise, negroes that were held in slavery.

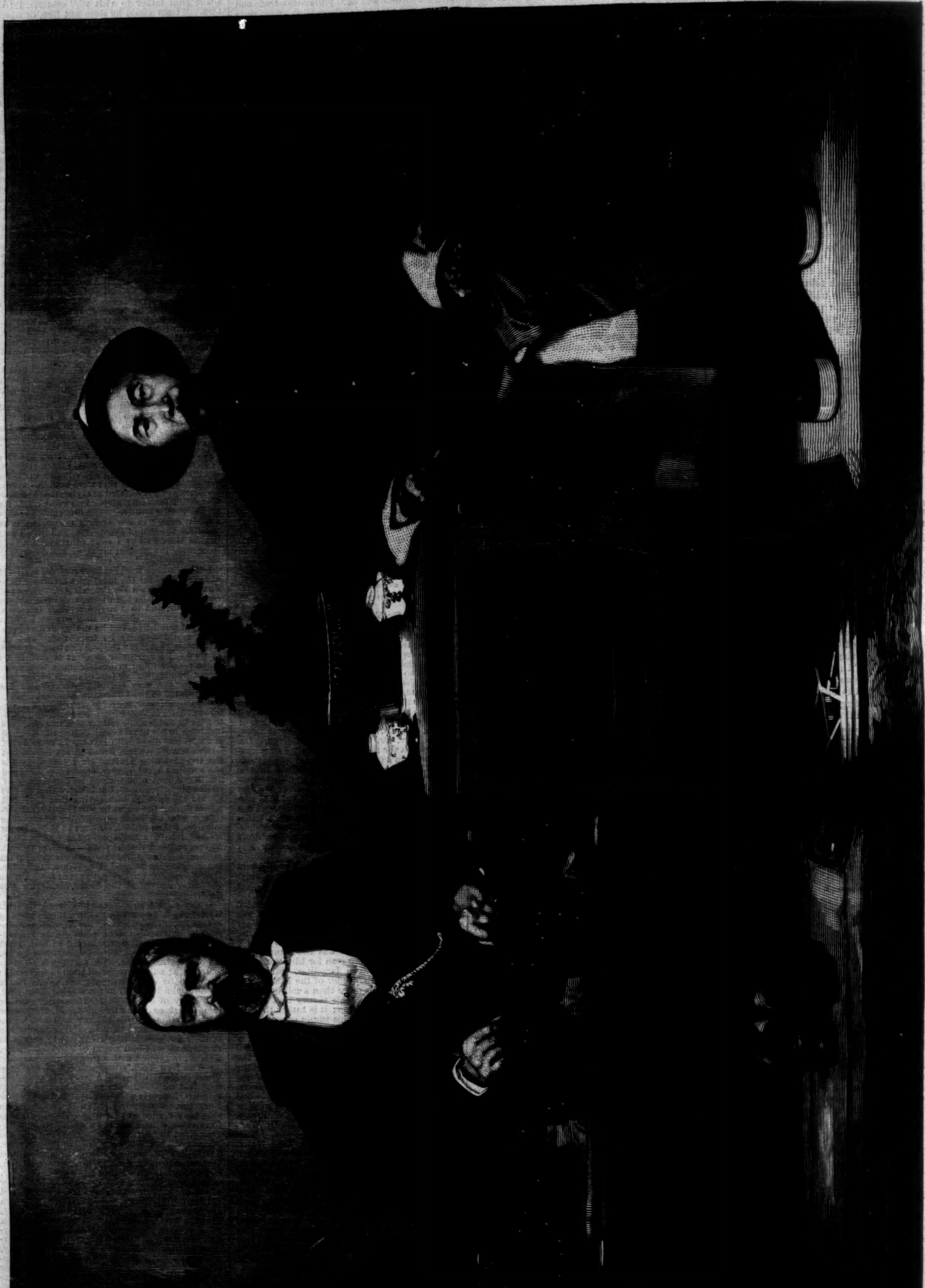
—Bismarck is reputed as saying that the popular estimate of him, giving him great credit for shrewdness, is wrong. "The first thing I always do," he said, "in any critical movement, is to ascertain the will of Providence, and then I halt behind it as well as I can; otherwise I would have made the greatest mistakes, and done incalculable mischief."

—The English weeklies have recently reviewed at length, and for the most part favorably, Miss Jennie J. Young's *The Ceramic Art*. The *Academy* says it is, "on the whole, very creditable to the author, and to America, whence it comes. It is more comprehensive than any book of the kind yet published, and its design and arrangement could scarcely be improved;" and the *Athenæum*, that it is "the best and handiest work of its kind for popular use. It is marked by more research and critical acumen than some recent publications *de luxe* of much higher pretensions." A very complimentary notice has been printed in the London *Art Journal*.

—Daniel Drew, for forty years the most grotesque figure in Wall Street, died suddenly, September 18, at his son's residence in this city. He had been in his usual health during the day, and at 6 P.M. had dined with Darius Lawrence, of Lawrence Brothers, Broad Street brokers, at the Grand Union Hotel. He returned to his son's house after dinner, apparently in good health. About nine o'clock he complained of feeling slightly unwell, but insisted that no one should sit up with him, saying that if he felt worse during the night he would call Mr. Lawrence, who occupied an adjoining room. The household then retired. About 10.15 Mr. Drew walked into the room occupied by Mr. Lawrence, and said that he felt much more unwell. Medical assistance was at once summoned from the neighborhood, and Dr. Woodward, Mr. Drew's regular physician, was sent for. Before the latter arrived at the house, Mr. Drew was dead.

—The report, so generally believed, that M. Gambetta had secured a fortune, turns out to be erroneous. The success of the *République Française* only afforded him comfortable circumstances. His apartments, furnished with great simplicity, have some objects of art and books, his only extravagance. His carriage is hired by the month; and his reported train of servants is found to be only François, the young Garde Mobile, who has been in his service since 1870. The story of his friend M. Dubochet leaving him a fortune is contradicted. M. Dubochet left everything to his nephew and niece, who thought they would be interpreting the wishes of their uncle in asking his friend to accept in remembrance of him a sum of 2,000,000 francs. Gambetta replied with a friendly refusal.

—The New York correspondent of the Troy *Times* ("Hermit")—and a very clever correspondent he is—alludes to the ages of several men who formerly were distinguished at the New York bar. Governor Daniel D. Tompkins, an able lawyer, died at fifty-four. Hamilton was forty-seven when he fell in a duel. Burr, however, lived to fourscore. George Griffin, one of our great lawyers, was almost of the same age. James R. Whiting, once so distinguished as a District Attorney, died at threescore and ten, and Daniel Lord was but a few years younger. Charles O'Conor, who is the oldest member of the New York bar, is now past eighty, and yet has all his powers; and Tilden, although nearly seventy, is looking toward the Presidency. Thomas Addis Emmet, whom fell death struck while arguing a case in the City Hall, was sixty-five. James T. Brady, who was the ablest lawyer of Hibernian descent after Emmet's day, was nearly sixty. John Van Buren and Nicholas Hill were almost the same age. Ogden Hoffman, who was the most eloquent advocate of his day, died at seventy. Among those members of the New York bar who may be said to have gone in the fullness of their powers was the once distinguished David Graham. As a criminal lawyer he had no equal, and hence was employed in the most important cases. His method of defense was original, and generally successful, but his health failed in the midst of a brilliant professional career, and he died in Italy at the age of forty-nine.



GENERAL GRANT, AND LI HUNG CHANG, CHINESE GRAND SECRETARY OF STATE AND VICEROY OF CHIH-LI.—Photographed by See Tay, Shanghai.—[See Page 785.]

"ON DUTY."—From a Painting by A. Spriggs.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE VICEROY OF CHIH-LI.

On the preceding page we give the portraits of General Grant and Li Hung Chang, Grand Secretary of State of the Chinese Empire and Viceroy of Chih-li. It was with this eminent personage that the memorable interview took place at Tien-tsin in which General Grant, responding to a courteous remark on the part of his entertainer, expressed his disinclination to re-enter public life. Li Hung Chang is one of the most remarkable men of his time, and the most powerful subject in China. He became eminent as commander-in-chief of the imperial forces during the long and disastrous civil war known as the Taeping rebellion, which raged from 1850 to the middle of 1865.

This rebellion was begun by a Chinese fanatic, Hung Suo Tsuen, who proclaimed himself a heavenly prince. He was of obscure birth, ignorant, and given to trances and visions. From the missionaries he had picked up a few cant phrases and a glimmering of the principles of Christianity. He claimed to be a "Son of Heaven," Jesus Christ being his "elder brother," and announced that his mission was to be the ruler of the earth and Emperor of China. The calamities that befell China in consequence of the uprising which he instigated and led, form the bloodiest chapter in the history of fanaticism. "The son of a small peasant farmer," says Mr. Wilson, in reviewing his career, "and himself a poor illiterate, afflicted with fits of madness and trances and visions, he was to sweep over the Great Flowery Land, and cause devastation in sixteen provinces and six hundred cities." "His ploughshare of steel and fire drove through the great valley of the Yang-tze, and approached the walls of Pekin. No small tawdry yarnen, or village schoolhouse, was his abode for many years, but the ancient capital of China and the palaces of the Ming. His visions turned into heaven-sent edicts, which decided the fate of millions, and were pondered over in the distant capitals of Europe. At one time the Black-haired People seemed about to accept his sway; and when the end came, when his earthly existence was extinguished amid the horrors of the siege of Nankin, his body was found by the imperial conqueror enveloped in yellow satin embroidered with dragons, and burned." "Almost all China exclaimed, with Pekin officialdom: 'Words can not convey any idea of the misery and desolation he caused; the measure of his iniquity was full, and the wrath of both gods and men was aroused against him.'"

As the chief instrument in subduing this terrible rebellion, Li Hung Chang was loaded with honors. "Li Hung Chang, since he entered office as Governor of Kiang-su" (in December, 1863), "has displayed great prudence and calculation, and his skillful tactics have been completely successful; he has again and again captured cities and gained honors on the field of battle, and as a mark of his sincere approbation his Majesty is pleased to confer upon him the honorary title of Guardian of the Heir-apparent, and to present him with a yellow robe." The services and honors of this great mandarin did not cease. He was made a nobleman of the rank of Earl, and given the decoration of a double-dyed peacock's feather. In 1866 he became Governor-General and Viceroy. In 1868 he suppressed the rebellion of Nubaumedam. He was made a Grand Secretary of State, the head of the War-office and the Chinese armies, and director of the coast de-

fenses. He is in command of the province which guards the road to Pekin, the most honorable viceroyalty in the empire.

LI HUNG CHANG received General GRANT with great cordiality and the respect due to him as a soldier and statesman. He is of the same age as the General, and they won their victories at the same time, the Southern rebellion ending in April, the Taeping rebellion in July, 1865. As the Viceroy said to a friend of the *Herald* correspondent, "General GRANT and I have suppressed the two greatest rebellions known in history." Those who have studied the Taeping rebellion will not think that LI HUNG CHANG coupled himself with General GRANT in a spirit of boasting. "How funny it is," he also said, "that I should be named LI, and General GRANT's opponent should be called LEE!" While General GRANT was making his progress in India, the Viceroy followed his movements, and had all the narratives of the journey translated. As soon as the General reached Hong-Kong, Judge DENNY, our consul at Tien-tsin, conveyed a welcome from the Viceroy. When questions were raised as to the reception of the General in Tien-tsin, the Viceroy ended the matter by declaring that no honor should be wanting to the General, and that he himself should be the first Chinaman to greet him in Tien-tsin, and welcome him to the chief province of the empire.

ZIGEUNER MUSIC.

IT was a calm August night in Raab: repose had already taken possession of the quaint old moon-lit streets, a few hours ago so sultry and so busy, and, we may add, so noisy with the bustle of the annual horse fair. All lights seemed under the ban of the curfew but those of a *cavé-haz* (or coffee-house) forming the angle of the street nearly facing the windows of our primitive rooms. It was a picturesque house, with a veranda covering in a part of the street, divided off by a row of square green boxes containing bushy oleanders in flower.

The scene, too, was picturesque, as we caught glimpses of a considerable gathering of Magyars within, indulging in the lazy luxury of the never-neglected pipe.

We left our casements open, closing the Venetian shutters, and were preparing for rest, when suddenly the surrounding stillness was broken by a brilliant cascade of clear and thrilling notes proceeding from some unrecognizable instrument or instruments, and giving expression to a melody altogether distinctive in character. It was wildly sweet and melancholy in tone, and possessed at once a grace and a power which entranced us as with some weird and irresistible fascination.

It literally spoke, and in language inspired by a creative fancy, weaving a fairy poem with the originality and facility of genius. We listened, breathless, as the caprice of the unseen artist revelled in the rainbow hues with which he was pleased to tint his picture—as harmonious, as soft, as rich, and, alas! as evanescent; we followed, enraptured, the magic numbers, astonished as well as charmed by the audacity with which the movements changed, till at length the measure became rapid and yet more rapid as the tale approached its climax, and the *improvisatore*, carried away by his Muse, expressed his enthusiasm in notes which came pouring on in unrestrained luxuriance, as it were a mountain torrent leaping down from rock to rock: it was the very poetry of music. Abruptly, and with the *bizarrerie* which had stamped the whole performance, a final chord closed the recital, and in an instant all was hushed. Vainly we waited and hoped for a renewal of the bewitching strain; we looked out only to discern that the guests of the *cavé-haz*, whence we had no doubt the sounds had proceeded, were dispersing, and to feel convinced that it would be useless to repair thither with any hope of satisfying our curiosity on the subject, for as we looked the doors were closed and the lights were extinguished. Next morning, on waking, the mysterious improvisation still lingered on our hearing, and on the appearance of our excellent Magyar friend we related to him what we had heard and how we had been impressed.

"Glad I am," replied he, "that you have had an opportunity of hearing that singular and beautiful music: it is one of the peculiarities of our nation, and the specialty of our vast nomad tribes to whom these itinerant bands belong. As their habits are altogether erratic, their visits to our larger and even our smaller cities are arbitrary, but just now they are attracted hither by our cattle fair.

"These Zigeuners of Hungary," he continued, "like the Gitanos of Spain, the Bayadères of Portugal, the Bohemians of Central, and the Gypsies of Northern Europe, have no fixed habitation: they lead a free and independent life, occupying movable dwellings, and establishing themselves at intervals in our *putztas* and forests. You will meet them halting within and on the skirts of the Bakonyer-Wald as they journey from place to place, and settle for the time being in the immediate vicinity of the locality where they seek employment.

"As they exercise various handicrafts, they are always sure of being able to earn their livelihood, whether by tinkering, carpentering, basket-making, china-mending, horse-shoeing, or other industries, while a certain number of them possess the remarkable gift of imagining the wildest and most stirring poems, and interpreting them in a music entirely *sui generis*.

"As long as they remain in one spot they resort in the evenings to the principal *cavés*, so that if you would like to hear and also to see their performance—which is, I assure you, very extraordinary—I will with pleasure conduct you this evening to one which I know they frequent."

Rejoiced at this offer, we met at the appointed hour, and after traversing the broad market-place in which stood our hotel, the Golden Lamb, and threading several narrow and characteristic streets, we arrived at the entrance of the *cavé* in question. A considerable crowd surrounded the door, but as soon as they perceived we were strangers, they made a passage with the utmost courtesy, and we followed our friend within, into a spacious room. At the upper end a portion of the floor was raised about a foot; here were placed seats for those of the audience who were of a higher class, and among them, according to the dictates of Magyar hospitality, to us was immediately assigned a place of honor.

Down the centre of the room was a large billiard table, and along either side at regular intervals small circular marble-topped tables, at which sat groups of two or more persons sipping wine, coffee, beer, etc., but the universal pipe was in the mouth of every one, and so dense was the smoke that it was not easy to distinguish what was going on.

Just below the dais a considerable space had been reserved for the Zigeuner band. In the midst stood a large square table, and on it was the singular instrument to be played by the principal performer, the tones of which had so intensely mystified us, and to which the ten others—flute, fife, violins, and violoncellos—constituted the accompaniment. It consisted of a sounding-board about three feet in length, and of a breadth sloping from two to three feet, across which were stretched the strings, the whole of extremely rough construction, and played by means of two short strips of whalebone, muffled with a rag wound round the end of each: with these it is more sharply or gently, deliberately or rapidly, struck; and it is difficult to conceive how so simple, not to say clumsy, an apparatus can be made to produce a tone so sweet, flexible, and powerful, or be amenable to such delicate, brilliant, varied, and expressive execution. It is called "tzymbalon," and the tzymbalon player it is who improvises the melody, and gives the cue to the band, who, upon the intuitive apprehension of his thoughts, and also of those of each other, produce the most appropriate and effective accompaniment. From the divan on which we had been so obligingly placed we were able, without being too near the music, to observe not only the whole group, but could also study the audience.

The performers were now agreeing upon their theme, arranging their several parts (howbeit all scoreless), and tuning their strings, and it was impossible not to remark the unmistakable stamp of their race which all bore, not only on their countenances and features, but in their whole person and bearing. Swarthy in complexion, with jet-black hair, beard, eyes, and eyebrows, their Oriental features were lighted up with an intelligent expression, and that they were born musicians, untutored, untaught, untrained by any laws—for genius recognizes none—was manifested in the complete command they had of their instruments, which seemed to be absolutely part of themselves. Equally striking was the marvellous spontaneity and simultaneousness of their action in this entirely extemporaneous performance. Never was there the slightest hesitation or break on the part of any of them, though the leader playing the tzymbalon changed whether the key, the time, the harmony, or the movement as he wove his romance, for such it was.

The pieces thus executed by these unique musicians may be called "operas without written libretti," and strange to say the libretto would be utterly superfluous, for so expressive are the strains, the hearer must be dull of comprehension indeed if he fail to follow their meaning. Indeed, one scarcely realizes that the scene so graphically described by the music is not actually before one's eyes, so entirely do they follow the Horatian rule, and lead the minds of the audience *quocumque volent*, making them see what they seem to see themselves.

The theme is generally a legend or story, selected from among those orally preserved among the tribe, and narrated in the language of music, so that it is no wonder they should be lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration, and abandon themselves for the time to the caprices of their imagination. According to the nature of the subject, they occasionally become so excited that they impress one with the idea they are enacting the scene they depict, and thus, without an effort, succeed in firing their audience with their own enthusiasm.

At length the instruments are tuned, and amid breathless silence the piece begins. To ourselves no intimation had been made as to its nature; no form of words or even abridged "argument" had been passed round. There was nothing but the weird influence of these musicians of nature imparting their narrative by the language of music to a musical people. Attracted by the prestige and the novelty of the situation, we also gave ourselves to the subject, and as it proceeded it interpreted itself to us as follows:

The simple, flowing, graceful melody with which it opened described a calm scene of rural life, the rosy dawn, the freshness of the early morning hour, the dewy grass, the scent of spring flowers, the brook bubbling beneath overhanging branches, all was there—a contented peasant population going forth to their healthy, harmless, peaceful occupations: the cowherd driving his cattle to their mountain pastures; the shepherd leading his flocks afield; the *Ross-hirt* scampering over the *putzta* with his troop of horses; and the advancing day bringing out "the insect youth" with their busy hum on the calm noon-tide air.

Now we are in the depths of the forest; the sun is pouring his beams through the interstices of the foliage, and the glowing light mottles the checkered ground. Innocent birds are singing in the trees, but among men a marauding spirit is astir: a horde of brigands, headed by their desperate chief, is preparing an attack on these happy, laborious, unconscious, and, alas! prosperous villagers. Their plan of action is arranged, they start for their merciless expedition; we are roused by the sudden clattering of hoofs, the clang of arms, the sound of voices, the periodical word of command. We have arrived at the encounter, and are prepared for the dismay of the surprised peasants, expressed in the furious shouts of men, the shrieks of women, the cries of children, as by the power of arms and the force of numbers their stores and cattle are seized and carried away amid violence and bloodshed, and the defenseless owners made captive.

But things are not to end thus: the innocent will be avenged; retributive justice is not to be mocked, and awaits the dastardly plunderers; the battery of Heaven interposes to avenge the wrongs of the helpless; and the dark eye of the Zigeuner gleams as he draws down the forked lightning in vivid flashes, and presently follows the roar of the loud thunder echoing from one mountain peak to another and answering again and again as it pursues its mysterious transit into the far-off distance and dies away. The cowardly victors, seeing one of their chiefs, horse and rider, struck to the ground in the immediate front of their band, and so suddenly that the rest, having no time to rein in, ride headlong over him, have recourse to a hasty flight; more than one is thrown with violence to the ground, and they are unable to gain their forest fastness; the fury of the storm pursues them; shelterless and bewildered they are scattered in all directions; their booty escapes them, their captives are freed, while the confusion that prevails among them renders their expedition abortive. In the midst of the fury of the elements, and the general consternation it has occasioned, a shot from the cross-bow of one of the peasants, who have now summoned presence of mind to defend themselves, has struck their leader, and while trying to rally his band he has fallen dead from his horse, and the panic is complete.

But see the leader of the performance: he has worked himself into a frenzy by the time this consummation is reached; his countenance becomes of a deeper hue; the perspiration runs down his face; and as he gives the final stroke, the whalebones drop from his hands and he sinks back in his chair completely exhausted.

To ourselves this exciting performance was perfectly magical, and we had so completely followed every stage of the story that when the finale came, difficult as it seems to understand it now, we were not even surprised at this result to the poet-musician. The audience, more or less used to these exhibitions of genius, though not astonished, were enthusiastic in their applause, and testified their sympathy and admiration by loudly cheering the band, raising their glasses in the air, and drinking the health of the performers with reiterated bravos.

A hat was carried round by one of the Zigeuners, and we were glad to have this opportunity of testifying our gratification; but Hungarian hospitality admits of no compromise, and we were disappointed as well as surprised, on beckoning the collector to us, to find his approach forbidden by the landlord, who, advancing, whispered that the little performance must be considered as offered to us in our character of strangers, and that all present would feel gratified if we would accept it as a mark of their welcome to us on coming among them. All we could do, therefore, was to assure the spokesman of the pleasure we had derived from the entertainment, and to beg him to convey the expression of our warm recognition of the courtesy of those who had provided it for us. At the same time we would not be denied the pleasure of seeing the Zigeuner band drink our health, and requested the landlord to provide them wherewithal to perform this task.

The history of these strange folks is as interesting as curious. Each of these wandering detachments owns a tract, or beat, the bounds of which are recognized and respected by the rest, and they pay their periodical visits to the towns and villages it contains with great regularity. Those who claim the town of Raab as their privileged resort have from time immemorial earned, and have traditionally maintained, a brilliant reputation as *virtuosi*. Among them the names of Bibary, Szarcoszy, and Ketskemety are recognized as stars of the first magnitude, but Farkacs Miskah is the full moon of tzymbalon players.

The Zigeuner-volk constitute an important element in the social habits of the Hungarian people; they are regarded as a national institution, without the help of which their popular festivities, public or private, their marriages, baptisms, betrothals, anniversaries, and family gatherings, would be devoid of spirit or interest. The musical faculties inherited by these people seem to amount almost to a supplementary sense. Theoretically speaking, they know nothing of the science of music, but their ear catches with marvellous facility, and their mind retains, any air they may once hear, and they possess the power of reproducing it on any of their own simple instruments. It is sufficient to hum or whistle to them the suggestion of a tune they have never heard, for them to play it with elaborate accompaniments. This is the delight of the Magyar population. Every Hungarian has his favorite air, and sometimes a whole evening in a *cavé-haz* is passed in calling upon the Zigeuners for this reproduction of one tune after another, their success in responding to these appeals being met with the most rapturous applause. The popular dances, such as the Czardacs, could not be danced without the accompaniment of the tzymbalon.

It is a singular and suggestive fact that the idiosyncratic talent evinced by these unlearned musicians is a gift *per se*, and is incapable of being attained or improved. The great maestro Liszt—himself a Hungarian, and conversant with the music of these tribes—gives an interesting account of an experiment made by himself to train and educate a Zigeuner lad, very proficient in his own natural art. The result, however, proved abortive, and so far from cultivating the germ which appeared so fertile, he only succeeded in disturbing his preconceived notions without imparting any new ideas.

It must not be supposed that music forms the occupation of all Zigeuners; there is only one section that gives itself up to this æsthetic pursuit, others employing their early youth in acquiring the various trades by which they earn their living: these are, as in other countries, charcoal-burning, tinkering, smithying, nail-making, horse-shoeing, while the women carry on an auxiliary "business" in tambourine-playing, dancing, and fortune-telling, and often earn from the credulity of village maidens more than the men who supply the domestic needs of the population.

Thus they travel from village to village in their movable wooden hut, with their families and all their chattels about them, pigs and dogs, their only live stock, bringing up the rear, a hammer and bellows their only tools, and an iron pot their compendious *batterie de cuisine*. Arrived at their halting-place on the outskirts of a town, they encamp, dig a hole, and kindle their bivouac fire; they then unharness their horse, and leave him to find his pasture. While the women wash their clothes and cook their food, the men present themselves to their expectant employers, and generally find repairs and orders awaiting their arrival.

Although the Zigeuners belong to all countries, those of each country maintain their distinctive peculiarities so rigidly from generation to generation that there is no tracing in them any affinity to the races among which they have established themselves.

Wonderfully hardy in constitution, they will face the extremes, whether of heat or cold, without any of those artificial compensations which with all other people have become necessities of nature. Thus a mere rag suffices to cover them beneath the keenest blast, and they expose themselves bare-headed to the fiercest sun. The Zigeuner is reckless as a child, and wild as a beast of prey; he knows no care for the morrow, and is always in need and in squalid poverty; though eager for a meal when he can get it by no matter what means, he will go without food uncomplainingly when it is not to be had; tobacco, however, is to him a necessity, and he *can not* school himself to do without it; but he is content with the vilest sort, and if he can not obtain any fit to smoke, he rolls up into a ball such as he can procure, and keeps it in his mouth.

The newly born Zigeuner child is from the hour of its birth used to cold water by being plunged into the nearest spring at whatever season of the year, and after a couple of weeks, travels tied to its mother's back or borne on her head, whether through piercing cold or torrid heat. For the first two years it wears no clothing; it receives no training of any kind, unless in the art of plundering or acquiring its trade, so that its moral degradation may be easily estimated.

Sigismund granted to the Zigeuners of Hungary certain privileges, and recognized their right to be represented by deputies, and his successor tried in vain to induce them to settle and take up fixed habits as artisans or agricultural laborers. Then, as always, it was found impossible to wean them from their independent habits and nomad propensities.

We are glad to add that it has been ascertained the musical Zigeuners exhibit a great moral superiority over the rest of their tribe, and there seems every reason to attribute this elevation to the refining influences of their pursuit. These generally appear in peasant costume, but they are always glad to purchase second-hand the rich dress costume of the Magyar, and this graceful and picturesque attire becomes them well.

Once again it was our lot to hear the Zigeuner band, but this time on foreign soil, in the precincts of the Trocadéro. Strange as it may seem, we scarcely recognized our enchanters of Raab. Their strains were marvellously sweet, and they were always distinctive in their character, as all national music always must be; but it was like the song of the caged nightingale. The effect was that produced by seeing a choice relic of antiquity in a museum instead of on the spot where it was found: the prestige was gone with the *cadre* that surrounded it, and the Zigeuner of Magyar-land had lost his witchery.

ODD PEOPLE.

"WHATEVER you do, my dear, don't be odd." Such was the advice of a very wise old lady friend, whose kindly face made glad many of my childish years. At the time I speak of—namely, when the above advice was given—I had no very clear idea in my own mind what the word "odd" signified. As years passed over my head, however, I discovered that this small, short, and easily spelled word meant "particular, strange, out of the way;" and so I dreaded above all things to be thought "odd." The idea of becoming so weighed incessantly on my mind, and often made me very unhappy. If in early youth a bright idea struck me, and I clothed it in words, some of my companions, to whom the same idea had not presented itself, would exclaim: "What an odd girl!" and this was quite enough to shut my mouth, and plunge me in dismay for some time.

It may be said that every individual, unless unusually commonplace, is in some points considered "odd" or "queer" by his fellows. We have all hobbies, which make us, in the eyes of others, singular enough now and then. But the people I am going to treat of were regular oddities, and had not *one* but *many* peculiarities. Two old Scottish maiden ladies stand forth prominently in my memory as decidedly the greatest human curiosities that could possibly be met with. Their names I shall give as Miss Kitty and Miss Wilhelmina. They lived in a small cottage in one of

the many small towns on the Firth of Forth. Miss Kitty was the elder. At no period of her life could she have possessed beauty, and certainly a more funny little woman never existed. Dressed in a gown whose tightness was in those days something to wonder at, her fat little body resembled nothing so much as a thick and well-filled bolster. Her features were plain even to ugliness. A large wart adorned the side of her immense nose; and a white cap of some substantial fabric, with a very high crown, covered her head, on which the hair grew luxuriantly, though in color it was pure white. Strange to say, however, this uncouth little woman had a certain fascination of manner which made most people like her, and children were always devotedly fond of her. She had a pair of merry black eyes, which twinkled with fun when she spoke; and her anecdotes were many concerning the days of her youth, when her father, "a gallant soldier, served King George." A sword belonging to her deceased parent hung in the little hall of the cottage, and this she used often to take down and flourish as valiantly as her podgy arms would allow, exclaiming, in a martial tone: "Ah, my dear, if only we had a French invasion, I would prove myself a true soldier's daughter!"

Notwithstanding this exhibition of military ardor, Miss Kitty was firmly possessed with the idea that in her own person she carried every disease incidental to humanity; therefore those who knew her well were not at all surprised to see her frequently, while talking, leap from her seat with great agility, place her hand with fantastic manner and gesture upon her chest, and declare in pathetic tones: "It's that right lung, my love—quite gone, you know!" Or, if sitting quietly at work, she would spring up excitedly, pace the small sitting-room, and with a sort of whine declare that "she knew her heart was becoming gradually ossified." In talking of her possible decease, she informed her friends that she had made arrangements with her lawyer as to the disposal of her body—or shell, as she called it. The moment she died, her remains were to be handed over to the Faculty for scientific purposes, and thereafter, with no attendant ceremony, thrown over the pier of Leith! The advantages of this step, as she triumphantly pointed out to Miss Wilhemina, were twofold—firstly, no burial expenses would be incurred; secondly, the medical gentlemen of Edinburgh would be materially benefited.

Miss Wilhemina was a much less prononcée character than her sister, but was also most whimsical and curious after a fashion of her own. She had, poor lady, once on a time been engaged to a gay young soldier, who was doubtless attracted by her golden curls and blue eyes. The marriage day was fixed, the *trousseau* prepared; and all would have gone on well, doubtless, had the bridegroom only appeared. But as he chose to be a hundred miles away on the day appointed for the marriage, the guests had to be dispersed, the dresses "laid in lavender," and poor Miss Wilhemina borne away fainting on the sympathizing bosoms of her bridemaids. After a long period of brain-fever and sickness, the poor creature rose once more, a very shadow of her former pretty self. The golden curls had been shorn, the blue eyes were dim with illness and weeping; and in short, as Miss Kitty said, "Poor Mina's a mere remnant." She never quite recovered the sad blow—a blow more to her vanity than her affections, for she had no great depth of nature; and her heart, such as it was, had been more set upon her lover's gay uniform than on any supposed good qualities in him. When, after a month or two, Miss Mina read in a paper the marriage of her "soldier lad," she abandoned herself to fits of angry crying, varied now and then with sullen fits of silence, which Miss Kitty endured with exemplary patience. The *trousseau* was still kept in a certain chest of drawers, which were solemnly opened twice a year, and the garments taken forth, aired, and refolded, with many a bitter sob from the hapless lady.

Miss Kitty died first. She had a certain melancholy satisfaction in the assurance that her complaints, varied and curious, had now reached a climax, and during her somewhat protracted illness vehemently combated poor Miss Mina's entreaties that she would see a clergyman, loudly protesting to the last that "no one should pray over *her*," and with almost her last breath murmuring happy prophecies concerning the substantial good to be derived from a minute study of her highly diseased "shell." Poor Miss Mina was perfectly inconsolable, but of course buried her sister, minus the post-mortem, and respectably, in the little country church-yard belonging to their birth-place. After Miss Kitty's death Miss Mina was invited to a friend's house. Her spirits, at all times variable, were somewhat calmer than formerly; perhaps the real grief she felt for her sister's death had cleared away the remnants of her long-nursed and sentimental sorrow. One evening, however, she rushed from the room where her host and hostess were seated, and not appearing for some hours, they went to look for her. She was found in her bedroom, weeping bitterly. When asked what was the matter, she said, "Oh, I did feel hurt at Mr. M——'s conduct; but there has never been a real true gentleman since George IV. died!" Upon investigation, it was found that her kind-hearted host had inadvertently "turned his back" on Miss Mina, and so had most unintentionally offended her. Not long after this, Miss Mina was found dead in her bed; and the little cottage became inhabited by strangers, neither of the ladies having had any relation.

A friend of ours was notorious for much oddity of manner, and this proceeded, we discovered, from absence of mind. He was intelligent, refined in appearance, and not ignorant of the usages of society. Yet great were his blunders both at home and abroad, simply because his thoughts seemed always distant from the scene immediately surrounding him. Servants called him "the odd gentleman;" and ladies used to titter as they saw him enter a drawing-room with his hat firmly planted on his head. When any one pointed out this absurdity to him, he would look like a person newly roused from sleep, and would make a hundred apologies. He was a great smoker, and once or twice lighted his pipe with bank-notes. He frequently forgot to go to bed, and used to be found by his old servant and housekeeper sitting in his parlor, with his arm-chair drawn close to the grate, in which the fire had gone out hours before. He hated children, dogs, and flowers, but showed great benevolence to almost every other person, animal, or thing. He was passionately fond of leeks cooked in every possible way, and his garden was filled with these vegetables in all stages of growth.

A gentleman in a good position had an extraordinary fancy for cats. He had no less than sixty; these he kept in a large room which he had built for them. He would not admit any cat into this institution unless it was young, handsome, and full grown; and as a result, some really fine specimens were to be seen in this feline chamber. It was a sight to see all the varieties at feeding-time—such a mewing, snarling, and purring went on, and such a quantity of food disappeared. After the gentleman's death, the poor cats were dispersed here and there, and the "institution" fairly broken up. Some went wandering hopelessly about the outside of their old home, mewing in a broken-hearted way; a lot ran off into the neighboring woods, and became fierce as tigers; while some of the very handsomest were carried off by friends of the deceased. It may be mentioned that though the aforesaid gentleman loved cats, he could not endure either children or dogs, but in other respects he was much like other mortals.

A lady in a respectable position would insist upon always wearing stockings of different colors on each leg, and gloves which were not neighbors on her hands. She boasted that she had never in her life worn a *pair* of stockings or gloves, and when asked why she did this, she gave for answer that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise. She rejoiced in a curious assortment of opposite colors in her dress, and delighted especially in a certain green bonnet with blue and yellow flowers in it. Her character was as odd as her tastes; she conceived bitter and unreasonable aversions to certain people, and disliked flowers, which she disposed of under the general name of "rubbish."

A lady's-maid, who had been many years in high families, made a point of never laying aside as useless any gown, piece of ribbon or lace, or any other article of dress which might fall into her possession. Her hoards of old things were wonderful; many pieces of raiment grew mouldy with keeping, and her repositories after her death were a sight to behold. Bundles of every hue, pattern, and size filled her bureau drawers to bursting; ribbons, discolored and dirty, scraps of prints in endless variety, and in short every sort of imaginable article, collected during her thirty years' service, filled one room almost to overflowing. The dates of the various fashions might have been known by the patterns of the pieces of brocade, chintz, and other fabrics which lay around in wildest confusion. The *embarras des richesses* was so great that after keeping out a few better things, the rest were committed to the flames, a huge bonfire being the result.

TWO CANADIAN RIVERS.

On page 789 our readers will find a series of sketches on the Saguenay and Montmorenci rivers. The former flows from Lake St. John into the river St. Lawrence at Tadousac, one hundred and twenty miles below Quebec. For the first part of its course it runs between gently sloping banks, but below Ha! Ha! Bay it flows between almost perpendicular cliffs of granite and syenite. The loftiest of these cliffs are Point Trinity and Point Eternity, the latter rising to a height of more than fifteen hundred feet above the river. The Saguenay is remarkable for its clearness and depth. St. Jean Bay, about thirty miles from its mouth, is a mile and a half in depth, and the average depth of the river in mid-channel is a a hundred and forty-five fathoms.

Just above its mouth, on the St. Lawrence, the Montmorenci falls over a nearly perpendicular precipice, a distance of two hundred and fifty feet, with a width of fifty feet. Every winter a lofty cone of frozen spray rises from the foot of the falls, sometimes reaching the height of two hundred feet, and presenting a beautiful appearance.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The public feel a deep and serious interest in the safety of all buildings wherein large audiences gather. The danger from fire, or from the inevitable panic resulting from an alarm of fire, in churches, music halls, opera-houses, theatres, and lecture-rooms is the chief one which rests in the minds of our citizens, and special attention is usually directed to this danger *after* some accident or hair-breadth escape from conflagration. Not long ago a slight fire occurred in one of the New York theatres. It might have been serious, but it was not; there might have been a dangerous panic, but wise management prevented this. Since that time inquiries have been made at various places of amusement for the purpose of ascertaining what precautions are used for rendering stage scenery non-inflammable. It appears that in all the principal theatres of the city the canvas upon which scenery is painted is treated with some preparation which renders it practically uninflammable, or prevents it from bursting into flame readily. A solution of alum and tungstate of soda is the article most commonly employed. Water-color paints are also used, or clay paints, not oil-colors.

Now that the amusement season is fully commenced, it would tend greatly to prevent panics, in case of any alarm of fire, for the public to be definitely informed in regard to the safeguards against fires, and the facilities for quick egress which exist in all theatres and amusement halls. If these safeguards and facilities are ample enough, a wide-spread knowledge of facts will do more to prevent calamitous panics than anything else. The romantic young King of Bavaria caused a very sensible thing to be done a few weeks ago in the Munich court theatre—the introduction of a fire-proof drop-scene of thick steel plates, which can completely cut off the stage from the auditorium. Not long afterward, during an operatic performance, some of the scenery caught fire. Was there a panic? No; the fire-proof drop scene fell, one of the principal singers said a few words to the audience, the musicians continued their playing, and the Munich public sat calmly until the conflagration was extinguished by the stage fire apparatus. The audience knew they were safe, and therefore were not alarmed.

The catalogue of the Book Trade Sale at Clinton Hall is larger this year, both in the number of the invoices and the number of the titles or quantities offered, than it has been for several years past—a clear indication that business is reviving. It is also noticeable that there seems to be a demand for *all kinds* of books this fall.

Several suits have been instituted by the Pilot Commissioners for the recovery of penalties fixed by statute for obstructions of the harbor, and it is expected that they will be prosecuted vigorously. Hereafter all officers connected with the department of the port are required to promptly report all violations of the State laws relative to the protection of the harbor which may fall under their observation.

If city garbage is to be thrown into the sea at all, it certainly should be carried to such a distance that by no possibility it can injure the harbor, or make surrounding shores unwholesome; and the law in reference to this should be relentlessly enforced. But in France the waste matter from large cities is utilized for fertilizing purposes. Why not here? Can no plan be devised by which some portion of the $100,000 now annually appropriated for the removal of the garbage from New York city may be saved?

During the process of remodelling a house in East Fourteenth Street, the building fell, and four workmen were buried beneath the ruins. Fortunately, after many hours, they were all released from their imprisonment alive, though seriously injured. The party-wall between this and an adjoining building had been torn down, and the bricks of which the new wall was to be constructed had been stored on the weakened floors. Doubtless this was the immediate cause of the fall of the house.

The President of the Howard Association of Memphis, Mr. A. D. Langstaff, has recently visited New York and other cities to solicit aid to enable the association to continue its work of relief. He attributes the present outbreak of the fever at Memphis to defective sewerage. The refuse of the city is thrown into deep vaults, by which means, doubtless, the germs of the disease were preserved through the winter. In other cities where the fever prevailed last year, it has not appeared. The expenses of the Howard Association are about $1000 a day, and it is feared that the epidemic will not be stayed until the coming of hard frosts. Mr. Langstaff was one of the first members of the Howard Association, and of the twenty-three members in 1867, he is the only one now actively connected with it. Twenty have fallen victims to the fever whose ravages they endeavored to lessen. Mr. Langstaff himself has suffered two attacks. Past experience gives grounds for apprehension that the epidemic will increase in severity during the early fall.

Egypt and Abyssinia are in trouble. The King of Abyssinia claims the whole strip of coast that was ceded to Egypt in 1877, and also several towns. If his demands are rejected, war is apprehended; but certain ports on the Red Sea are to be offered him on condition that he concludes a lasting treaty of peace with Egypt.

English journals speak in pleasant terms of the Archduchess Christine, future Queen of Spain. According to all accounts, she is highly accomplished, speaking French, English, and Italian, and is now, very properly, making rapid progress in Spanish. She is very fond of reading, and also devotes much of her time to works of charity. Moreover, she is said to be very pretty, with dark eyes, chestnut hair, and small mouth, and full of vivacity in conversation. Report fixes the wedding day on November 28.

A new charity is the house of reception for little children of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, which was lately opened at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and First Avenue. The home has accommodations for fifty-five children, and there are now over thirty inmates, ranging from two to ten years old.

A peculiar process has been invented in Germany by which labels are printed on bottles by a simple operation, neither paper nor mucilage being required. The process is an actual printing on the bottles themselves, and the labels can be scraped off with a knife, though they are not affected by water. The process is said to be inexpensive, and certainly must be convenient.

A preservative wrapping-paper has recently been patented, which is claimed to protect cloths, furs, etc., from mildew and the ravages of moths. The paper is made from rags and Manila rope or Manila paper, and is saturated with a mixture of the oil remaining from the distillation of coal-tar naphtha, with certain proportions of carbolic acid, phenol, coal tar, and refined petroleum. After saturation, the paper is pressed, cooled, and dried in the air.

There recently arrived at this port eighty-five men, women, and children who are going to settle in the farming districts of Texas. They came from Durham, near Ferry Hill, England, and were compelled to leave on account of the depressed condition of agriculture there.

The Forty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the American Institute Fair is now open at the Rink, on Third Avenue and Sixty-third Street.

M. Blanqui, the Communist, candidate for member of the Chamber of Deputies, was defeated at Bordeaux by 258 votes.

A verdict of "not guilty" has been rendered by the jury in the Chisholm case, and the murderers of Judge Chisholm, his daughter, and his little son will go free. The "occurrence" is regarded by the Mississippi public as "very deplorable," but not sufficiently so to warrant the punishment of the murderers. The charge of the judge to the jury showed plainly that *he* considered the "occurrence" murder; but the jury, it is said, were all Democrats, excepting one, who did not dare hold an opinion adverse to his companions. Southern justice seems inextricably involved in Southern politics.

Law is a curious and subtle thing. The advertisement of any lottery scheme, or the publication of information where tickets can be obtained, is a misdemeanor by the law of our State. But the advertisement of the result of a lottery, or of the drawing of a prize by a particular person, is construed to be news, and not a violation of law. The Society for the Prevention of Crime contemplates giving attention to the matter of lotteries.

Steamers bound to Europe are carrying from this country large cargoes of breadstuffs, fresh meat, and dairy products. The short crops in Europe cause an unusual demand for such provisions.

The French government has granted permission to the Edison Company to establish telephonic communication between the various quarters of Paris. On payment of a monthly tax, a telephone will be located in private houses, the same as gas or water.

The deep-sea section of the French cable has been laid, and the line is completed from Brest to St. Pierre. The steamer *Faraday* is now about to ship the section of the cable which is to connect St. Pierre with New York.

An Artesian well is to be sunk on the premises of the Passaic Rolling-Mills, at Paterson, New Jersey, partly for the purpose of supplying the thirsty employés with drinking water, and partly, it is said, from scientific curiosity to "see what is under Paterson." The intention is to sink the well at least 2000 feet, and the estimated cost of the undertaking is about $5000.

The old cathedral of St. Paul's, London, was five times burned—thrice by lightning. The new building, begun under Christopher Wren in 1675, cost, we are informed, exactly seven hundred and forty-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-four pounds two shillings and ninepence. The money was raised by a tax on every chaldron of coals brought into the port of London, and this fact alone, it has been said, gives it a right to its smoke-blackened appearance. Relics of three different ages were found when its foundations were laid—Saxon coffins and tombs, British graves, and all the evidences of the existence of a Roman cemetery. Great historic tombs and monuments, including those of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, are amongst its chief objects of interest. St. Paul's School was founded in 1514 by Dean Colet; there Milton was educated from his eleventh to his sixteenth year. In the Heralds' College, near St. Paul's Church-yard, were deposited the sword, dagger, and turquoise ring of James IV. of Scotland, who was slain at Flodden. Before the Great Fire of London St. Paul's Church-yard was the great head-quarters of the booksellers. Now Paternoster Row is sacred to the profession.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young man of Holyoke, who got imprisoned in a large refrigerator for three hours, said, when he was released, that he felt as though he had just been entertained at a fashionable church sociable.

Scene: *Recitation-Room in Natural History.*

Instructor. "Mr. X., have you ever put your head down on any one's breast and listened to the heart-beats as Huxley describes them?"

Mr. X. (*blushing*). "Yes, Sir."

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds were perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

An Albany genius calls a new suspender which has been patented "the Conscience Suspender." It owes its name to its extreme elasticity.

A glass-blower has recently died at the age of one hundred and ten years. His great age is another proof of the truth of the blew-glass theory.

"Do you keep any Hamburg edging?" asks a timid miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

"How did you like the hymns?" asked Charley of his city cousin, as they left the church one Sunday. "One of them was just splendid," replied she, with enthusiasm. "Ah! which one?" "The one in the next pew, with black curly hair and such killing black eyes. Oh, I think he was the most fascinating him of all." Charley became too much confused to pursue the conversation any further.

Chimney-sweeping must be a good business; it soots everybody who tries it.

Franklin said that rich widows are the only second-hand goods that sell at prime cost.

That was an observing fellow, if he was but six years old, who said, "Papa, I wish you'd quarantine against Tom Jones coming here every night to see Jennie. It's got to be too epidemic."

"I'll join you presently," said the minister to the young couple as he went for the church key.

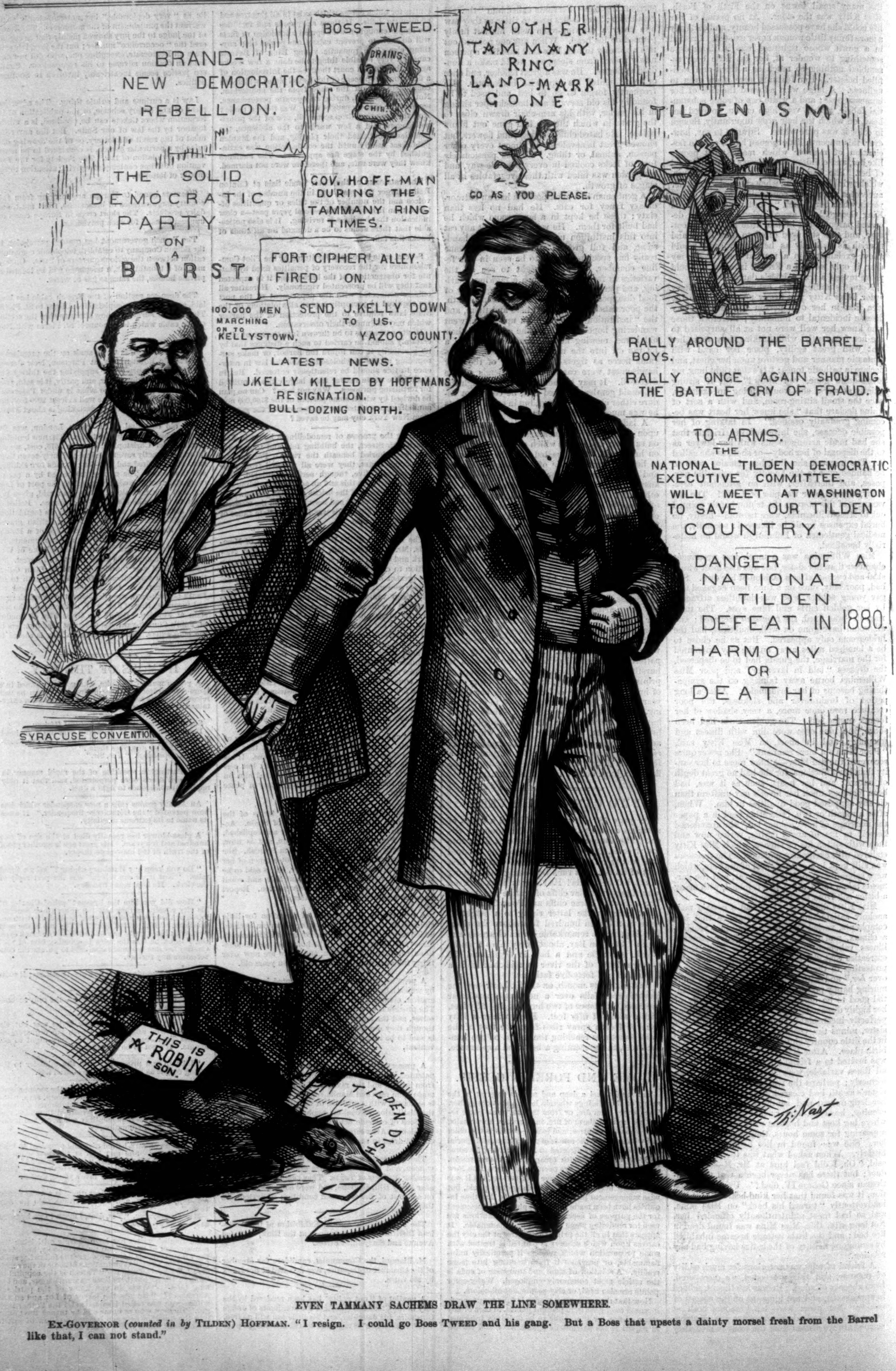
A Washington paper, in alluding to the recent search for a girl, and her subsequent discovery, says, "She had a mark on her cheek, which neighbored a dimple whenever her lips would be wreathed in smiles, and which showed itself perceptibly whenever she manifested colloquial animation."

He had an auburn-haired girl, and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed, "Hello! Ready?" She misunderstood him, and they don't speak now. Thus slang makes another slap at love's young dream.

Young Wife. "Oh, my dear, there is a most lovely set—pin, ear-rings, and sleeve-buttons. Do go buy them."

Mr. Tightstring. "Yes, dear, I mean to go by them as quick as possible."

An English writer has been sharply criticising the management of the London public schools, known as the "Board schools," and produces the following specimens of the written examinations of some of the scholars: "Where is Turin?" "Tureen is the cappital of Chiner; the peepul there lives on burd's nests, and has long tails." "What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot and ad tew wifes—wun was called Hishmale and the t'other Haygur. He kept wun at home and he turned the t'other into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite."



EVEN TAMMANY SACHEMS DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE.

Ex-Governor (*counted in by* Tilden) Hoffman. "I resign. I could go Boss Tweed and his gang. But a Boss that upsets a dainty morsel fresh from the Barrel like that, I can not stand."

ON THE SAGUENAY AND THE MONTMORENCI.—Drawn by James D. Smillie.—[See Page 787.]

LOVE'S HYPOCRISY.

Her lips said, "Go;" her shining eyes said, "Stay."
How tell which was her meaning, which her will?
How read the riddle of her yea and nay,
And disentangle each, bewildered still?
Hearing her chilling tone, all hope expired;
Seeing her glowing eyes, despair took heart;
One moment certain of the good desired,
One moment turning, hopeless, to depart.
Then, as she stood, with half-averted face,
From head to feet veiled from his ardent eyes,
Sudden she changed, and with triumphant grace
Flung off the mantle of her soul's disguise.
Sweet hypocrite! how false was all her feigning,
Turning for flight, yet, while she turned, remaining!

A STORY OF AN INDIAN RACE-MEET.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

The dances slipped on one by one, and Cissy was ever on her feet. The gay throng swarmed about, and the snowy figure of the girl, with her calm still face and downcast eyes, passed in and out among the eddying, gliding, whirling crowd. Her heart was not at rest; she was longing for the fourth waltz, that she might explain all to Graham Burton, and that he might not glance so disdainfully and haughtily at her; but at length it drew near, and her heart beat fast as she was led to her seat for the last time before it.

"Cissy darling," a voice murmured at her elbow, as she was nearing a seat. She started nervously, and glanced round.

"Yes, aunt," she answered, a strange dread at her heart.

"Your mamma is not at all well, dear; she is wanting you. Mr. Moreton, would you be so kind as to take Miss Campbell out to the veranda? she will find her mother there. I will come immediately; but Alice has torn her dress, and wants me. Stay; are you engaged for this dance?"

"Yes, to Mr. Burton; would you kindly tell him?"

"Oh, I don't suppose it matters much about him, does it? But I will, if I meet him. Go, dear, now."

With sinking heart Cissy went out to the veranda, where she found her mother reclining on a couch and fanning herself.

"What is it, mamma dear? Are you ill?" she asked, struggling between filial duty and her desire to see Graham Burton, and explain all to him.

"I am a little better now," answered her mother, but she kept her by her side to fan her gently, and sprinkle eau-de-Cologne on her face; and the girl's heart misgave her as the music began again, and Graham Burton did not appear to claim her or see if he could be of any use.

Meanwhile Mrs. Ricart joined Alice, and looking round the room, they saw him, apparently looking for Cissy. They approached him.

"Do you know where Captain Lambert is?" asked Mrs. Ricart, as if in passing.

"I saw him but a minute ago; can I call him for you?"

"Oh no, it does not matter; but Miss Campbell wanted him."

"Miss Campbell—where is she, then?"

"Out in the veranda," answered Mrs. Ricart, composedly. "She is unfortunately engaged to some one she does not wish to dance with, and asked me to send him, if he was not engaged, as a consolation. Every one knows they are great friends, you know," she added, simpering, as she tapped her fingers lightly with her fan. "I dare say I shall find him."

"I was engaged to Captain Lambert for this dance, though," said Alice, sweetly; "but tell him not to mind me, mamma dear; I know he would prefer her."

"Ah, but that is awkward," replied Mrs. Ricart, with an amazed look; "the captain is so polite he will not think of deserting you, though I know you would not mind it. Mr. Burton, are *you* engaged for this waltz?"

"I? No—at least my partner has not appeared."

"Then would it be a great stretch of etiquette to ask you to take Alice for a round—just one turn, you know—that I may tell Captain Lambert not to mind about her?"

"I shall be most happy," Burton answered, with a chilly smile. "Miss Ricart, may I have the pleasure?"

"Too bad to force me on you like this," Alice said, with a deprecating smile. "I am sure mamma did not think of what she was doing; I am really ashamed of her coolness. It is so kind of you to take it so meekly."

Graham only answered with another quiet smile, and offering her his arm, led her into the ball-room, where they were soon whirling round among the rest, Alice looking up into his face sweetly, telling him what a nice waltzer he was, whispering insipid nothings, as she smiled at the success of her mother's strategy, and wondered coolly how much money he had, passionlessly reviewing the advantages of being able to dress as one liked, and go to all the gayeties one had a mind for. She did not care that she was hurting her cousin; all she thought of was that she was determined to win; and if the truth were told, the difficulties in her way rather lent a zest to the undertaking. And in the heart so near her own a cold stern anger had sunk; he heeded not the bright face that strove to attract him; Alice's merry words were scarce understood; he hardly realized the weight of his disappointment yet; but looking up after a while he saw Cissy and Captain Lambert joining the waltzers, and the last spark of his faith in her died out, leaving nothing but anger and disappointed love—for the love he could not quench—in his heart toward her.

With quiet exultation Mrs. Ricart had seen her daughter and her partner move away, and then spying Captain Lambert, had approached him.

"Captain Lambert, may I ask a favor of you?" she asked.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Miss Campbell is in the veranda with her mother, who is ill. Would you be so very kind as to bring a little Champagne?"

"With pleasure; but I am engaged to Miss Ricart for this dance, and can not find her. Would you be so kind as to explain?"

"Oh, certainly; I told her I was going to ask you to get me something, and that she was to dance with some one else. See, she is dancing already."

"Ah, that is right; I will be with you immediately;" and the captain moved to the refreshment-room as Mrs. Ricart went out to the veranda.

"I saw Burton," she said, lightly, to Cissy, "and told him you had to come out; but he did not seem to mind, but said it would be easy dancing with you again, and asked Alice to dance. What you can see in him to admire, I can't tell, Cissy; but if a young man presumed to speak so lightly and confidently of me, I should not be too well pleased. Captain Lambert, on the contrary, was most polite and anxious, and has gone for Champagne for your mamma. Ah, here he comes. Emily dear, I hope you are better;" and Mrs. Ricart took the fan from Cissy's hand, and leaned affectionately over her sister.

"Much better, thank you. Ah, Captain Lambert, how good of you! This Champagne will quite revive me. Now I know you want Cissy for this dance, and my sister will stay with me; so please, Cissy dear, do not think of waiting."

"Captain Lambert and I are not engaged for this dance; but perhaps he has a partner elsewhere, and will take me back to the drawing-room," said Cissy, wearily.

"You are mistaken, Emily," Mrs. Ricart cooed softly. "Captain Lambert was engaged to Alice, and Cissy to Mr. Burton; but the missing partners have consoled themselves with one another, and I do not see that either of those remaining should lose their dance."

"No, indeed. Miss Campbell, let us have this waltz, do." He laid his hand on her arm, and Cissy shook it off; but her aunt whispered on the other side, "Yes, do, Cissy, and pay young Burton off for his rudeness;" and her wounded feelings getting the better of her, she allowed herself to be led off, and once more entered the ball-room and danced with the captain.

Calmly Cissy moved round in the waltz, hiding with quiet smile and joyless eyes the pain that would be ready to overwhelm her when once left to herself, and Burton watched her with a sneer.

"Selling herself, by Jove! What a beastly place India must be for women!" he thought. "Your cousin is surely much changed, Miss Ricart," he remarked, as they stood resting.

"Do you think so too?" said Alice, feigning surprise. "Well, to tell the truth," she continued, confidentially, "I think so too. Cissy used to be such a romantic, disinterested kind of girl. I think she has been quite spoiled with admiration, and got rather afraid of her. India is not a nice place for women, filling them with such love of wealth and admiration. I used to be thought very cool and calculating; but really I see so much about me, I have been thoroughly disgusted. I confess Cissy surprises me most of all: although Captain Lambert is infatuated with her, I am afraid she would soon throw him over, in spite of her encouragement of him, for any one wealthier. Now and again she seems more like herself; but what I call her good fits come seldomer now."

Graham and Cissy spoke no more to each other that evening, and in the ensuing days of the meet, though each longed sadly for the old intimacy and gladness in each other's presence, no opportunity of reconciliation offered itself, and Mrs. Ricart and Alice saw their stratagem succeed even beyond their anticipation. A cold calm bow was all that passed between the two; and whilst Graham imagined she had slighted him intentionally, Cissy feared that Alice (by whose side he constantly was, by the contrivance of mother and daughter) had won his heart. She had not even the power of indulging her grief in the never-ceasing string of gayeties of an Indian race-meet. In the morning they drove to the races, where she would sit listlessly in an open barouche below the stand, with Captain Lambert at her elbow; whilst Alice, in riding-skirt and coquettish little hat, was up and about among the gay throng on the stand, the liveliest of the elegant light-hearted ladies there, constituting Graham Burton her favored slave. He must go and bring her coffee and cakes, it was so cold; or perhaps run down and see why the horses were so long in coming out, or tell her the name of each horse and rider as they passed to the starting-place. Then, as the gallant beasts came streaming, striding along, she would cling to his arm in childish excitement, to unfasten her small hands with a little apologetic smile and blush as the race was over, to look up with tender glistening eyes as the result was known, and the music between the races swelled out again. Or they would comment—he with listlessness, she with animated face—on the people about them that they knew, she surprising him sometimes into a laugh at her wit, as they gazed on the picturesque crowds below, on the dusky eager faces clustering all round the race-course, with gorgeously clad wealthier natives interspersed among them; and not seldom Alice's tongue would find something to comment upon that drew his attention to the calm white face below—a face which from its very look might have told him Alice's words were false, as its owner sat talking quietly, indifferently, to the captain. Cissy was too true-hearted to flirt with one man because another had wounded her; she was longing for rest and peace; but her mother forced her into all the gayeties of the time. If there were no races, a hunt or paper-chase would perhaps be organized, leaving the ladies no more than time to dress for breakfast, and the callers who streamed in after, or for calls that had to be made.

The callers were received in the semiana; and here Cissy sat wearily receiving them, day after day, Burton among the rest. Cricket, tiffins, and Badminton tournaments alternated in the afternoon; after which all resorted to the Course, where the band played, and gossip and flirtations throve. It was dark ere the ladies returned, and even then Cissy could not rest, for Alice shared her room, and they had still to dress for the dinner party, often for the ball, which dragged the day into the small hours of the morning. Cissy's pale face became weary and sad-looking, and deep blue lines settled, as the days crept on, beneath the patient joyless eyes.

CHAPTER III.

THE MASQUERADE.

The last dance of the meet came at last—the fancy ball. Alice and Cissy had retired to their room to prepare for it: the former sprightly, and more than usually gay, for her dress of scarlet and black and gold, as Esmeralda, was likely to suit her to perfection; but Cissy had not glanced at hers. Wearily she had thrown herself on a chair, and leaning her cheek on her hand, bade her ayah wait a while.

"Are you not going to dress, Cissy dear? You are out of spirits, surely," said Alice. "Silly, stupid thing!" thought she to herself. "Well, I have as much right to Burton as she has: she's abominably cross." The accusation was false, but Alice did not choose to reproach herself; she meant to have her way, she did not care much how, and tried to blame Cissy in her heart, though she kept up a great semblance of affection for her outwardly.

"I do feel tired to-night. I wish I had not to go to the ball: I'm sick of the meet," she said, sadly.

"Dear me, Cissy, I wonder at you; but you always were sentimental at school. So much gayety and waste of time goes against your conscience, I suppose, and makes you religiously melancholy. I was telling Graham Burton last night what a goody you used to be, and he laughed, and said, 'What rot!' Not very elegant, but really, I think, very appropriate. I do wish you would give it up; it makes you so ridiculous, Cissy." Miss Ricart had a happy knack of inserting what might be vulgarly called *a lie* (more politely speaking, *slight fabrication*) into her conversation at times—a habit she had in all probability acquired from her excellent mother. A low gleam shot from Cissy's eyes as she rose and proceeded to dress.

"I have enjoyed this meet immensely," continued Alice. "I shall be very sorry when it is over; but mamma says I may go down to Calcutta for a while, while my dresses are fresh."

"To Calcutta! To whom?" asked Cissy.

"To the Tweedies. They asked me on board, you know, and I have kept up a correspondence with them."

"Those vulgar people! I could not bear them."

Alice shrugged her shoulders. "They have lots of money, and go out a great deal," she replied, carelessly; and the cousins proceeded to dress in silence.

Cissy was to be Undine; her dress was of pale sea-green gauze, over a pale green shot-silk skirt, and masses of sea-weed were festooned here and there. She was to wear pearls as ornaments, and her bertha and band consisted of bright shells.

"Will you be long, Alice?" she asked at last.

"No; why?" said Alice, flitting about. The small brunette looked her best in the dress she had chosen, and was in good humor.

"I have a bad headache. I thought I would wait till the room was quiet, and get my old woman to brush my hair well; it is to hang any way."

"Ah, I can go now," responded Alice. "I'll take the rest of my things to mamma's room, and she'll fix me up all right;" and bidding her servant bring what remained of her dress, she flitted off through the veranda to her mother.

Cissy threw herself back in a low chair, and gave herself up to thought. "What is the meaning of it all?" said she to herself. "Alice would not marry him; then why does she run after him so? She can not be taking so much trouble merely to thwart me; it would have been more like her to relieve me of Captain Lambert's attentions, and I had almost believed she would. Every one is talking of her; and it is she who is ridiculous, not I. I have tried to show Captain Lambert that I do not want him; but he will not see it, mamma fawns so abominably upon him. Anyway, I shall refuse him in the end, and after to-morrow surely I shall have a little peace. I fancy they are all working to keep Graham Burton and me apart; and had it not been that he seems to care for Alice, I would have spoken to him again and again, and told him that I offended him but accidentally. Ah, God help me, and make me more unselfish!" she murmured, as the tears fell over her cheeks, and a shiver passed through her. She thought of the moon-lit nights on board, of the stolen glances, the tender low words at stray moments, which even the vigilance of her aunt could not prevent; of all their intercourse, from the first delicate distant attentions to the last sad parting, when his lips were dumb; and though he would not say it, she knew he cared for her, and acknowledged the love lying hidden in her own heart. How she had hoped against hope that they should meet again! How sweet it would all have been, even had it passed into the region of dreams! But to meet again so soon, and he so changed and cold, and wooing Alice! Her heart sickened at the thought. "Ah, God! if he had only never come, if it had all died out, and become distant and sweet!" she sighed, and laid her head wearily on her clasped hands, regardless of the ayah, who had unfastened the long golden hair, and brushed it till it shone like silk.

Mrs. Campbell, gorgeous in a Queen Elizabethan costume, which suited her stately figure well, entered, and looked approvingly at Cissy, whose hair, on rising, fell waving and gleaming to her knees. She had arranged Cissy's dress, and determined that this, her chiefest beauty, should not pass unnoticed.

Smiling, as perhaps a statue might smile if suddenly endowed with motion, yet devoid of flesh and blood, she held out a note to Cissy.

"Here is something from Captain Lambert, Cissy dear," she said. "He has gone down to dine with the Stevensons."

"Why?" asked Cissy, in a startled voice, gazing fearfully at the note.

"For two reasons, dear. He feared it might be awkward meeting at dinner after writing to you, and because he thought you might like a little while to reflect. I said you would answer him at the ball. Of course it will be a happy answer;" and the mother smiled again.

Cissy smiled faintly. She knew what the answer would be, but she meant to give it quietly, and not be bullied till after. Her mother did not dream of dissent, and continued:

"Besides that, his dress is at Mr. Stevenson's. Young Burton offered him his as a pattern, as he could not make up his mind what to wear; and as it suited him very well, he sent down a derzie to make one something like it, and is to dine and dress there."

"Then we shall not see him till the ball?"

"No."

Cissy's heart bounded at the temporary relief. In the excitement and stir she could dismiss him quietly; to-morrow, the general settling-up day, she and her mother would settle up too; and after that the station would be almost empty again, and she would at least have no more gadding about.

Whilst her mother fastened pearls and sea-weed in the long silky tresses, she stood meekly still, pale, silent, and lovely; and when Mrs. Campbell, calmly satisfied, had taken her departure, she opened the note quietly and read it. A slight curl curved her lip.

"What a pity he can't spell properly!" she said, in a low voice; and holding the paper to the candle till it crisped and curled about her fingers, threw it on the stone flags round the edge of the room, and sailed out.

An hour or so later that same evening Graham Burton might have been seen, in a picturesque garb, supposed to represent that of Sir Walter Raleigh, pacing the veranda of Mr. Stevenson's house, with a lighted cigar in his mouth. Presently he drew near a pillar, and, leaning against it, pitched his cheroot among the flowers beneath, and folding his arms, soliloquized thus:

"What the deuce does it all mean? Can the Ricarts suspect that I have money? I declare the way that girl comes it is too strong: she overdoes it. And the way she runs her cousin down, too, is suspicious. Whatever Cissy means, *she* isn't happy, that's clear, for at the Course today she looked simply ghost-like. I dare say Stevenson is correct about Miss Alice, though he might keep his warnings to himself, as far as I'm concerned. If one did marry her, the mother would lead one the devil of a dance; but it would be no use proposing, for she would not marry what she supposed a penniless man. Yet can she possibly know I am not penniless? By gad, that would explain all; for, without flattery, I do believe the girl means marriage. The idea is absurd; she can't. Yet I can't fancy her, either, putting herself so much about as to spend the whole meet flirting, simply to keep her cousin from, as she supposes, throwing herself away on me. I don't know what the deuce to make of it."

Mrs. Stevenson came out and spied him.

"Captain Lambert?"

"No; Graham Burton," laughed that personage.

"Ah, you are dressed so much alike, and both one height and figure, I mistook you. What are you doing here alone, Graham?"

"Meditating, *ma cousine.*"

"On Miss Ricart? She will be lovely to-night. But I always thought you admired blondes, and Miss Alice is quite a brunette."

"True, and a pretty one."

"Yes, but I don't care for her expression. Excuse my frankness, but I always thought the cousin would have been nearer your taste: such a sweet lady-like girl. And Alice is just—just a little vulgar, you know. I half fancied that Cissy had a liking for you, too; I'm quite disappointed in your choice, Graham. You met them both on board?"

"Yes."

"And preferred Alice? Well, I could not have believed it. And Cissy is as good as she is beautiful, too; one of those dreamy ideal girls—a little too much so. I believe she would not do anything against her conscience for worlds; and I think she would wait patiently and faithfully for a man who had his way to make, and spur him on, and be the making of him."

"You think so?" said Graham, quietly.

"I do, indeed. We have always been friendly and intimate, and I fancy I know her well. Our children are all so fond of her, they call her Aunt Cissy. And when George was in Calcutta, and they were ill, she came and helped me nurse them. I was not strong at the time, and Andy would not take anything but from her, she is so good and gentle."

"You don't seem to see much of her now."

"No, not lately."

"Too busy captivating Captain Lambert, eh?"

"Fiddlesticks! She won't have him."

"No? Then why encourage the fellow so?"

"Encourage him? Not she; it's that aunt and mother of hers. They are such disagreeable ruling women, the whole station is in arms against them; and being the judge's wife, Mrs. Campbell, of course, holds great sway. She keeps so aloof with her party, making such

cliques. It was never so before; we used to be so sociable, and now there is nothing but squabbling and cutting one another. Any one can see with half an eye, at any rate, that Cissy is quite weary of that detestable puppy Captain Lambert."

"Perhaps she will be too conscientious to marry, excepting whom her mother bids her," said Graham, contemptuously.

"Not she; she has too much sense. I told her once she was too yielding; and she said it was only for the sake of peace, and where it made no material difference. 'But if it did make a difference to any one?' I asked. 'Marrying some one you did not care for, for instance?' (Captain Lambert was just on the *topis* then). 'I should never do that,' she said, quietly; 'it would be wrong, as well as disagreeable. Were it right, I might, disagreeable or not; but I could not take false vows.' So I know she will refuse him."

"I believe he has proposed, anyway," said Burton.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he told me when we were dressing that he had left a note behind, which he doubted not would make a sweet heart flutter;" and Graham mimicked his tone. "He asked me to congratulate him."

"No! Conceited creature! And what did *you* say?"

"Chaffed him—asked him if he was quite sure the sweet heart would melt at his approach; if he was not afraid it might flutter in the wrong direction."

"And he?"

"He only grinned, as if it were a capital joke. So preposterous, you know—ha! ha!"

Mrs. Stevenson laughed heartily.

"Take care and don't tell any one of it, Graham; he's sure to be so sold."

"You believe it?"

"Indeed I do; but I must be off;" and she left him.

Graham's lip curled.

"Credulity," he muttered, scornfully, and stalked into the house.

Lalseria was already ablaze with light, and the ball-room thronged with gayly dressed people, as Graham Burton drove Captain Lambert within its gates. As they entered and separated, a brilliant scene met their gaze.

What need to describe a fancy ball, or calico one, as they usually are at these Indian race-meets—the little gay spurts that blaze up for a week or ten days here and there over the country, to which young folks look forward with youthful health and spirits? Men and women, apparently of all climes and countries, talking one common language, are met together with one common object—to enjoy themselves. Here comes a stately queen, with flowing train and sparkling jewels, laughing and chaffing with a common policeman, on whose arm she hangs; an old woman, with many-colored gown, mob-cap, and wizened face, glances merrily over her spectacles at a Chinese mandarin with whom she converses; Mary Queen of Scots flies round the room in the arms of an old Mohammedan with long white robes and snowy flowing beard; and a mermaid, with long silvery tail, sweeps round in the arms of a solemn-looking monkey. The strange effect of the masks, worn at will, lends bewilderment to the scene, and all are laughing merrily as they strive to recognize their friends.

In the far corner of the room sits a lady in Elizabethan costume. A stout party in black, supposed to represent a Spanish duenna, is on one side; a fair girl in long sea-green robes, with falling masses of gold-brown hair, on the other.

"Ann, I wonder if Captain Lambert is here? Do just ask," says Mrs. Campbell.

The lady in black moves off, and returns speedily.

"That is he by the door, Emily, with the mask, dressed as Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Thanks. See, there come the Tremaines; you will want to speak to them, I dare say. I am going to send him to Cissy."

As the two ladies move away, the girl's face blanches, and her fingers twine nervously.

Mrs. Campbell goes up to the figure near the door which has been pointed out to her, and taps the chevalier on the arm. He bows.

"Cissy is in the corner there, Captain Lambert, waiting for you; I shall leave you to have a chat together."

Graham Burton's heart beats rapidly as the lady who addresses him passes on to another acquaintance. For a moment he hesitates, then approaches Cissy. Cissy looks up, with throbbing bosom, her senses too bewildered to notice him; and as her companion rests his hand on the couch on which she is seated, and in his agitation finds no words to say, she, anxious to end a painful interview as soon as possible, plunges at once into the subject.

"Captain Lambert, I received your note," she says, in a low, quavering voice, her nervous fingers twisting and destroying fan and gloves. "I have striven, since your attentions have been so marked, to show you that it was my mother, not I, who encouraged your addresses. But I have failed, and I have to beg of you that you will kindly discontinue them for the future, for they are not and can never be agreeable to me."

The figure by her side stood strangely silent. Cissy broke the pause, which was becoming awkward, and continued, with more composure:

"I know quite well that people will say I have encouraged you, but, believe me, I strove to do so as little as possible. Let me be candid with you," she went on, more boldly. "I believe the thought of the world's knowing that you have been refused will be a greater trial than not winning my love, for there has never been any question of real love between us. I am anxious to spare you all the mortification I can; and if it can in any way be a reparation for your having been misled by my friends, I should willingly let people think that it is I, not you, who have been disappointed. Only my mother knows of your proposal, and I asked her not to speak of it to-night, nor will she to-morrow, and so we have but to let the matter rest. People have said I have encouraged you—let them also say it has been in vain; and then I shall not feel that I have really hurt you, for you will find many to care for you, as I, in the way you wish, can never do."

The tears trembled in Cissy's eyes as she looked up in Burton's face, and a look of bewilderment and fear followed, as she saw the working of his mouth, and began to discover that it was not Captain Lambert.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Campbell; your mother sent me, mistaking me for Captain Lambert. I have been very rude in not discovering myself sooner."

Cissy's heart bounded recklessly, and she bent her head low, trembling in utter confusion.

"Do you know me?" asked Burton, stooping over her.

"Mr. Burton, I believe," was the low answer.

"Cissy," he asked, in agitation, "surely we have been mistaken in one another? If I had written the note, should I have been answered so?—tell me."

A low sob was the only answer; and standing between her and the room, Burton took her hand quietly, and placing it on his arm, led her out by the door behind them to the veranda. Mrs. Campbell, sitting at the other end of the room, smiled incessantly to her neighbor on the one side as she saw Cissy and her lover on the other side pass into the veranda. A voice at her elbow made her start.

"May I ask where Miss Campbell is?" simpered the gallant captain.

"Captain Lambert!" she ejaculated, aghast.

"Yes."

He bowed idiotically.

"I—I thought I had sent you to Cissy some time ago."

"I! No; I have just come in. I tore my cloak getting out of the buggy, and had to get a derzie to mend it."

"Then who can I have sent?"

"Eh! then who can you have sent? Perhaps Burton: we were dressed very much alike, and I have been mistaken for him several times. Oh, it does not matter; don't distress yourself," he added, calmly, as Mrs. Campbell rose with a blank face.

"But it *does* matter. Oh, *do* come!" she said, in confusion. And he followed her across the room and into the veranda.

There stood the guilty lovers side by side, all doubts cleared away forever.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Campbell," said Burton, coolly. "There has been some strange mistake. Miss Campbell and I were all but engaged on board, and I find that it is me she cares for, after all, not Captain Lambert, though I am sorry for his disappointment."

"Is that true, Miss Campbell?" asked the captain, in a faint voice.

"Yes," answered Cissy, biting her lips, "quite true. I am sorry for any mistake that may have occurred."

Captain Lambert's eyes gleamed on the two, but not being able to make a better case of it, he swore pithily, and marched off in indignation.

"Cissy, what is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Campbell, scarce able to speak with anger.

"Allow me to speak, Mrs. Campbell. Cissy and I care for one another; and if I have enough to keep her as she should be kept, and can arrange it with her father, I trust you will make no objections."

"Enough to keep her! Yes, on potatoes and salt, doubtless."

"You are mistaken. I have lately become the possessor of a good estate, and about three thousand a year; it is that, not potatoes and salt, I ask her to share."

"What?" almost screamed Mrs. Campbell.

Graham repeated his statement quietly, adding:

"Now if you will allow me to see you into the drawing-room, I will come back and finish my chat with your daughter;" and taking her hand, he drew it into his arm, and led her perfectly passive to the window of the drawing-room, where he left her standing staring in bewilderment, till gradually she came to her senses again.

So he returned to Cissy, and the two were very happy; and though many mistook Captain Lambert for Mr. Burton that night, Cissy never did. Nor did the coolness of aunt and cousin, the gradual thawing and eventual cordiality of Mrs. Campbell, detract from or add much to their happiness.

Some months after, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Burton were dining out in London; and as they drove home, Cissy nestled to her husband's side. "Graham, I have been having mysteries solved this evening," she said.

"What mysteries, Cissy?"

"Aunt Jane came up to me soon after dinner, and said, 'I am so glad to see you so happily married, Cissy; and I flatter myself I had a finger in that pie.'"

"How?" asked Graham Burton.

"I asked her how," answered Cissy, "and she said, 'I fancy it was that letter I wrote your aunt Ann which made you encourage Mr. Burton.' 'What letter?' I asked. 'Why, how forgetful you are, Cissy!' she said, quite crossly: 'I wrote telling her that you or Alice should encourage Mr. Burton, as he had had a large fortune left him;' and she sailed away, leaving me quite shut up with astonishment."

Graham relieved his feelings by a long low whistle.

"And so Mrs. Ricart kept all quiet, made you and me quarrel, and set Alice at me. What a vile woman! Why, Cissy darling, she might have separated us;" and he drew his wife closer to his side, and looked down tenderly in her face.

"Has that only occurred to you *now?*" she asked, with a merry laugh.

"All very well to laugh, Cis; but she might have done it; she nearly did; and then—"

"And then, darling? Well, you know she *didn't;* that was the beauty of it," answered Cissy Burton, with wonderful serenity.

THE END.

SCENES IN ALASKA.

OUR readers will be interested in the series of sketches on page 792, copied from photographs collected in Alaska, that famous Territory which came into possession of this country some ten years ago, and the criticisms concerning the purchase of which created such a buzzing about the ears of our then Secretary of State. It is not too late even now to remember the brilliant remarks circulated regarding "our new possession of Walrus-sia," or the mock advertisements, purporting to come from Mr. SEWARD, which appeared in the newspapers, offering the highest price for "waste lands and worn-out colonies, submerged and undiscovered islands, icebergs, polar bears, volcanoes, and earthquakes, provided they should not shake the confidence of the State Department." In Congress it was made a party question, and therefore the unhappy Territory was on the one side described as the tag-end of creation, and on the other as an Elysian field.

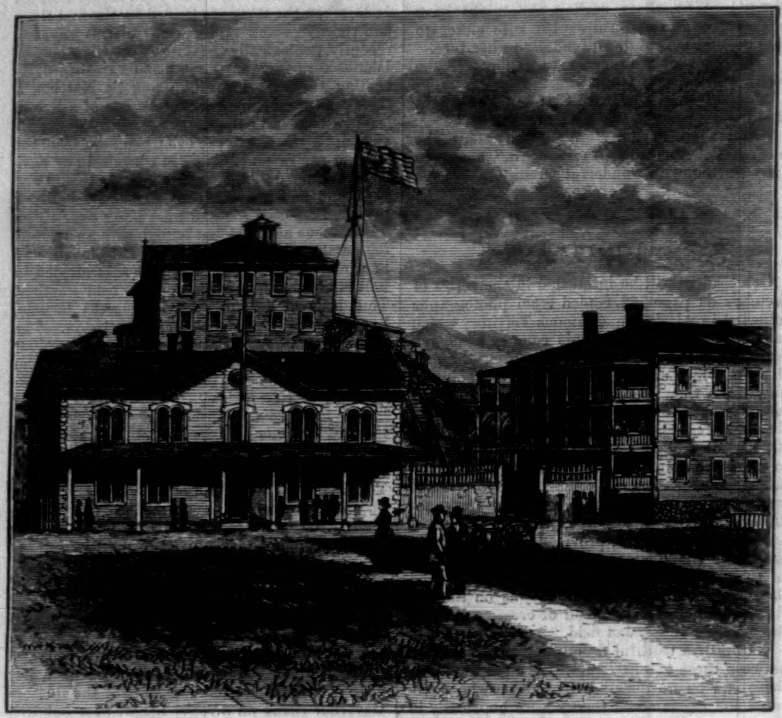
Naturally a truthful description of Alaska lies between these two extremes. At the same time, there can be no question that those who advocated the Elysian-field theory were hopelessly in the wrong. The lower end of the tract—that which separates British Columbia from the Pacific—is justly described as hopelessly desolate. Dense jungles of thick coarse grass, stunted pines and spruce, with here and there a few fine cedar-trees, cover a country that all along the coast is hard an uninviting. Bold cliffs rise up out of the sea, their bases lashed by breakers, chafed and torn by shoals and dangerous rocks reaching far out from the shore. Back of this lies a country so barren and poor that scarcely grass will grow upon it, so utterly worthless that even brute life exists upon it so scattered and starved that the savages find it scarce worth hunting over, and are seldom seen within its borders. The summers are short and cloudy—fogs and sullen west winds mark this season. The green appearance of the land as seen from passing vessels is deceitful, for the apparent luxurious vegetation is nursed into rankness for a few weeks, and then drowned out by the drenching rains, frozen by the thin cold snows, and utterly shaved away by the penetrating damp gales of winter. None of the ordinary products of the farm or garden can be matured. Even the grass is killed before it can be cured; and cattle—if any one should try to raise cattle there—would have to be kept upon imported feed the greater part of the year. Toward the northern end of this strip the coast is low and marshy, in the summer exceedingly dangerous to travel over, and covered in winter by a deceitful coating of snow. Above this, again, where the American strip begins to widen out, is another mountain region. This is the most cheerless but at the same time the most interesting portion of the Territory, not from any other point of view, however, than that of the tourist or geologist, who will find Mount St. Elias the highest peak in North America, and the superb mountains of Fairweather and Gillon, and the country about them, covered for miles and miles with mighty glaciers—a field of most instructive interest. An immense mass of ice comes down into the head of Lynn Canal, which, the Indians say, originates and travels from Mount Fairweather, over fifty miles away. This glacier is some eight miles wide where it faces the sea in the channel, and many hundred feet in thickness.

The most valuable portions of the Territory lie above the districts just described. These are the peninsula of Alaska, the island of Kodiak, and myriads of other islands in the same vicinity. Here there is an equable climate, especially so at Kodiak, growing the best garden supplies of potatoes, turnips, etc., the only place where hay can be made, enough for a few head of stock, with anything like a certainty, from season to season; but the country comprised in this district, which forms the southern and western half of the peninsula, does not possess any of these qualities in the same degree. There are a number of volcanoes in this district, such as that of Makooshin, on Oonalaska Island, Akootan and Shishaldin, on Oonimak, which, however, do not eject lava, but emit smoke, steam, and ashes, although in times past, and within the memory of man, large stones have been thrown out by many of them, and still earlier, lava has been poured out on Oonimak in immense streams. In the fall of 1796 the residents of Oonimak and Oonalaska were surprised by a series of loud reports and tremblings of the earth, followed by the appearance of a dense dark cloud, full of gas and ashes, which came down upon them from the sea to the northward, and after a week or ten days, during which time the clouds hung heavily over them, accompanied with earthquakes and subterranean thunder, it cleared away somewhat, so that they saw distinctly to the northward a bright light burning above the sea, and upon closer inspection in their boats, the people found that a small island, elevated about 100 feet above sea-level, had been forced up, and was still in the process of elevation and enlargement, formed of lava and scoriæ. The volcanic action did not cease on this island until 1825, when it left above the water an oval peak, almost inaccessible, 400 to 500 feet high, and four or five miles in circumference. It was soon after this occupied by sea-lions and resorted to by sea-fowl, which were found here in 1825, when the Russians landed for the first time, and the rocks were still warm. In this way, and recently, geologically speaking, were the Aleutian Islands formed from the peninsula westward, including the Pribylov group and St. Matthew's, their appearance marking the course of a line of least resistance in the earth's crust. These islands are attractive to the eye when seen from the sea, but are of no value as stock-raising or agricultural grounds. The mountains are abrupt and high, and no valleys of any extent lie between them. Perpetual fog and mist hang over them. The seasons are mild, but humid, with an average temperature in summer of 50° Fahrenheit, and in winter of 30°. The year is evenly divided in halves between the warm and the cold weather. Thunder and lightning never visit the islands, but the wind blows without intermission. The older Aleuts say the winds are growing colder and harsher from year to year. A perfectly calm day is never known.

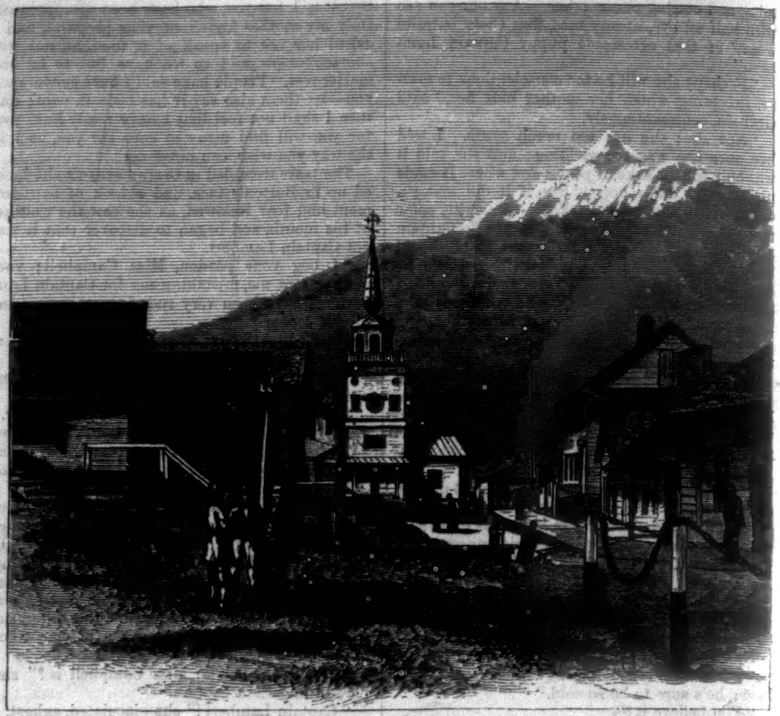
Sitka, or New Archangel, is as yet the only "city" in Alaska. Formerly it was exclusively the head-quarters of the Russian American Fur Company, but has now become a town of some life, and will probably go on increasing in size. The island on which Sitka is built is one of a group or archipelago, discovered in 1741 by TSCHIRIKOFF, the companion of BEHRING, who, unlike that brave commander, lived to return from his adventurous voyage, the third and last of an important series. The island is named in honor of BARANOFF, the real founder of the settlement of New Archangel, who for a long period managed the affairs of the Russian American Company in the days of its early history—a troubled and eventful time. The town is situated on a low strip of land, the former residence of the Russian Governor rising on a rocky height of a hundred feet or so above the general level. Snow-capped and peaked mountains and thickly wooded hills surround it; and Mount Edgcumb, on Crooze Island, and, immediately opposite the town, an extinct volcano of 8000 feet in height, is the great landmark of this port, the most northern harbor on the Pacific shores of America. The coloring of the town is gay, and the surroundings picturesque. The houses yellow, with sheet-iron roofs painted red, the bright green spire and dome of the Greek church, and the old battered hulks, roofed in and used as magazines, lying propped up on the rocks at the water's edge, with the antiquated buildings of the Russian Fur Company, give Sitka an original, foreign, and fossilized appearance.

The people of Alaska may be divided into two classes—the Christian Aleuts, who live upon the Aleutian Islands, the Seal Islands, the peninsula of Alaska, the adjacent islands, and Kodiak; and the Indians, occupying all the rest of the inhabited country. There are about 5000 of these Aleuts altogether. When the Russians first occupied the country there were 20,000, but they dwindled away before the presence of the "superior race," until forty years ago, when there were not over 4000 of them left. Since that time, as the figures show, there has been a slight increase. The question of the derivation of these people is still mooted among ethnologists. In all points of personal bearing, intelligence, character, as well as physical structure, they seem to form a link of perfect gradation between the Japanese and Esquimaux, although their traditions and language are entirely distinct and peculiar to themselves; they, however, claim to have come first to the Aleutian Islands from a "big land to the westward." When they came here first they found the land uninhabited, and they did not meet with any people until their ancestors had pushed on to the eastward as far as the peninsula and Kodiak. When first discovered they were living in large "yourts" or "oo-laga-muh" houses, partially under-ground, which resemble very much such a structure as our farmers put up for a root cellar, with the difference only of having the entrance through a hole in the top, going in and out on a rude ladder or notched timber posts. Many of these huts are damp and exceedingly filthy, while others are dry and cleanly; but the temper and disposition of the Aleuts are those of improvidence and shiftlessness, and with a few exceptions all exist, as a matter of course, in a state of ignorance, though a great many read and write, in consequence of their relationship to the Church, the services of which are recited in the Russian tongue, and as most of the sub-priests, deacons, etc., are recruited from the ranks of the people themselves (the boys only being educated for this purpose), a large proportion of them speak and read Russian well enough for ordinary use. A large number of children are born, but comparatively few live, so little attention being paid to diet and the ordinary rules of hygiene. Until the children reach the age of nine or ten years, they are treated with the greatest tenderness, but after that age the parents use them with great harshness, and impose upon them burdens fit only to be borne by adults.

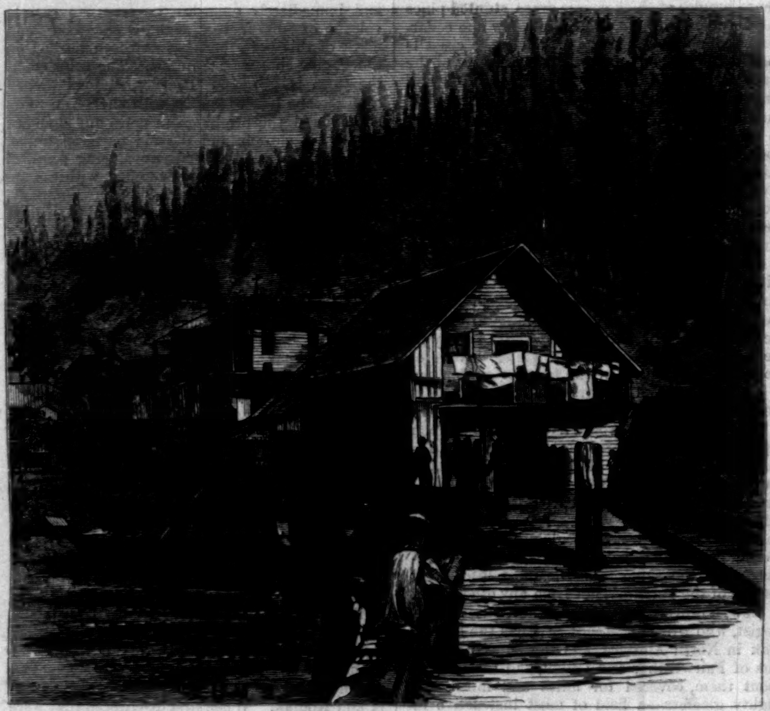
Previous to the purchase of Alaska by our government, little was known either of the Territory or its inhabitants. Since then, however, it has been frequently visited, and several books prepared on the subject. One of the most entertaining is the work of Mr. FREDERICK WHYMPER, entitled *Travels in Alaska and on the Yukon*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS. Recently there has been issued from the Government Printing-office in Washington a volume on Alaska and the condition of affairs there, written by HENRY W. ELLIOTT, Esq., a special agent of the Treasury Department, who has during the past three seasons been engaged in making an official examination of the Territory. This volume, however, is to a great extent statistical, and naturally does not furnish as pleasant reading as the first for those who are only generally interested in Alaska and her people.



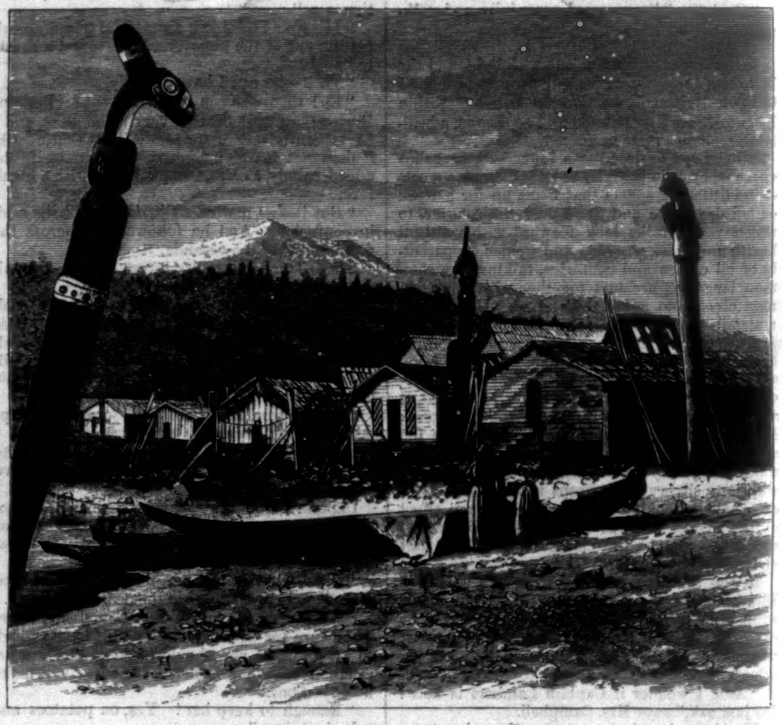
GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, SITKA.



GREEK CHURCH, SITKA.

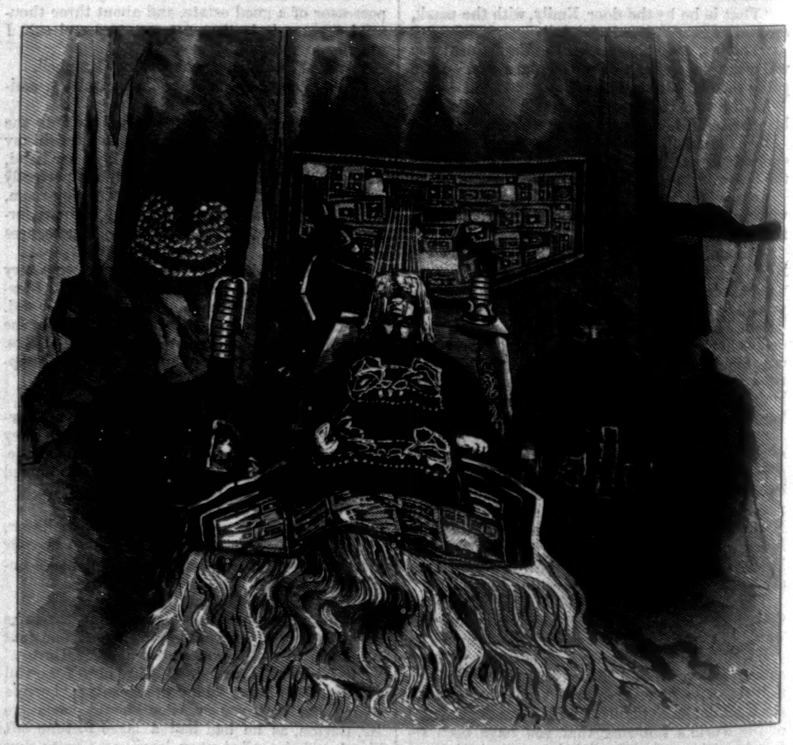


UNITED STATES BONDED WAREHOUSE, FORT WRANGLE.



EAST PORT, STICKEEN VILLAGE, FORT WRANGLE.

INDIAN BURIAL-GROUND AT FORT WRANGLE.



A DEAD INDIAN CHIEF LYING IN STATE.

SCENES IN ALASKA.—From Photographs by Peterson & Brother.—[See Page 791.]

OYSTERS.

Unfortunately history contains no mention of the individual whom Mr. Eytinge presents to us so felicitously. Nor name, nor age, nor likeness is preserved of him who first ventured to taste of the luscious bivalve which is now one of our most esteemed delicacies. A legend does exist, however, though no savant can be found who will precisely vouch for its authenticity. It tells of a man who, walking one day by the sea-side, picked up an oyster just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the sides within, he insinuated his finger to feel the shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon him with a sensation far less pleasant than he had expected. The prompt withdrawal of the finger was hardly a more natural movement than his bringing it to his mouth by that unfailing instinct which comes to us in early childhood. In this instance the result was fortunate in the extreme. The happy owner of the injured finger tasted for the first time the delicious juice of an oyster, as the Chinaman in Elia's essay, having burned his finger, first tasted crackling. The savor was superb, and he had made a great discovery; he picked up the oyster, forced open the shell, banqueted upon the contents, and soon brought the mollusk into fashion.

Oysters are, indeed, such an ancient luxury that we are not likely to find out even what nation enjoyed them first. Pliny tells us that they were cultivated in artificial beds in the time of Augustus. These were established at Baiæ by Sergius Orata. In such quantities were they produced by this enterprising Roman gentleman that the same writer hastens to assure us that "this was done by him not for the gratification of gluttony, but for the sake of gain, as he contrived to make a large income by the exercise of his ingenuity." Among the *vivaria* of the later emperors and other wealthy Romans were *ostrearia*, specially devoted to oysters; and oyster-culture has never ceased to be practiced in Italy, although to an inconsiderable extent, and particularly in Lake Fusaro, the Acheron of Virgil—a muddy salt-water pond, nowhere more than two yards deep. Our own country is, as all allow, the land *par excellence* of oysters, but they are also cultivated abroad. In England there are large oyster beds on the coast of Kent and Essex for the supply of the London market, and on the shores of France most successful experiments have been made in oyster-culture both by the government and by private individuals. Within a few years the shores of the Isle of Ré were converted into oyster beds through the enterprise of an old soldier, whose example led many of his neighbors to cultivate oysters, so that now thousands of men are engaged in this industry. Natural beds and banks of oysters are found in all the seas of the temperate and torrid zones, now stretching out miles after miles in all directions, and now rising so high that ships are wrecked on their crests. And thus it has been, apparently, from time immemorial, for gigantic structures consisting of fossil oysters are found in many places. In Berkshire, England, a petrified colony of oysters covers more than six acres; in Massachusetts and Georgia enormous breakwaters are formed between the firm land and the hungry ocean—ramparts twelve to fifteen feet high, the lower layers of coarse fossil, but the upper strata alive. On the west coast of this continent vast surfaces are covered with fossil oysters, which have been raised by volcanic action, and now tower to the height of sixty feet or more for thirty miles at a stretch.

Oysters live equally well in situations where they are constantly under water and in those which are left dry by the retiring tide. In the latter case they instinctively keep their valves closed when the water deserts them. It is in such situations that oyster-culture can be most easily and most profitably carried on. Various methods are adopted of preparing the artificial oyster bed by providing suitable solid objects for the oysters to attach themselves to. Stones are piled together, and in such a way that there are many open spaces among them; stakes are driven into the mud or sand; bundles of small sticks are fastened to stones or stakes; floors of plank are formed at a little height above the bottom, with alleys between them, the under surface of the planks being roughened by the adze; and tiles are sometimes arranged in various ways, so as to turn to account the whole space at the disposal of the oyster cultivator as high as the ordinary tides reach. The method must be varied in accordance with the situation and the probable violence of winds and waves; but sheltered situations are best in all respects. Certain cultivators in France advance the opinion that tiles covered with cement are preferable to everything that has yet been tried. These present a surface to which oysters readily attach themselves, and from which they can easily be removed, while the larger sea-weeds do not grow on the tiles so readily as on stones or wood. By use of the cemented tiles the cultivator is also able easily to remove the young oysters from breeding grounds to feeding grounds, the best of the latter being by no means those in which the oyster most rapidly attains its largest size. Much depends on flavor, the greenish tinge and accompanying taste, in which Parisian epicures so much delight, being, for instance, produced by the abundant confervæ and green monads of quiet muddy waters.

Oysters are hermaphrodite, and produce vast numbers of young. Leuwenhoek calculated that from 3000 to 4000 exist within an oyster when "sick," "milky," or full of spawn, and, according to Poli, one oyster produces about 1,200,000 eggs. The eggs are hatched within the shell and mantle of the parent, and the young are to be seen swimming slowly in a whitish or mucous and creamy fluid surrounding the gills, which becomes darker and of a muddy appearance when they are about to be expelled. The oyster spawns in July, filling the surrounding water with a vast quantity of blackish dust, each particle of which is an embryo. These attach themselves to whatever object comes in their way. Oystermen say that each oyster spawns successfully only once in three or four years, and then in such profusion that a few weeks afterward the minute oysters cover the old bed to the depth of several inches, killing off, of course, all the parent mollusks. This host of young oysters, having been born in July, are by the next spring eight or nine months old, and in size about as large as the finger-nail. They are now taken up and distributed over the ground which is intended to be planted. It is calculated that they will not spawn in their new home when they reach the proper age, being discouraged by the different temperature or qualities of the water into which they have been transferred. To have them spawn is disastrous, since the new little oysters attaching themselves to the old render both unfit for market. The planting is done from April till the end of June. The oysters, having been dumped upon the ground, will stay there. They are not given to wandering; but it does not therefore follow that they will be brought up alive when they are sought in the autumn. If two-year-old oysters are planted in the spring, they can be taken up the next autumn, and during all the winter when the weather and ice will allow. There is more safety in this, but far less profit. The more risky but more remunerative way is to plant yearlings, and let them lie over. If they live, five times the original outlay is not too great a return to expect at the end of two years. The chances of selling at a good figure are increased by a "trick of the trade," which consists in taking the oysters from the bed where they have been growing, and laying them in shallow water on a gravelly bottom, preferably at the mouth of a fresh-water stream, where they will be covered alternately by fresh and salt water never stagnant. In two or three days even they will "fatten" handsomely, and sell for a higher price than they would otherwise obtain.

Another plan of fattening oysters is employed by a couple of large oyster-packing firms in Baltimore. The oysters obtained from Tangier Sound, Lynnhaven, and what is known as the Sea-side oysters, are a rather small oyster inclosed in an immense shell, their native element being salt-water. These oysters, when dredged and brought to the Baltimore market, are sold to the packers and others at the rate of about sixty cents a bushel. As soon as they are unloaded from the pungies they are transferred to scows, over which a deck is built, and on which deck the oysters are placed. Each of these scows will carry a deck-load of about 600 bushels of oysters. The scows are then towed to a point in the Patapsco River near the Ferry Bar Bridge, where the water is quite shallow. The vacant space in the scow, between the deck and the bottom, is filled with water by means of a valve, and the scow is sunk. There she is left during two flood-tides, when the water is pumped from her by means of a small machine provided for the purpose, and the scows are then towed up to the city again. The change from the salt to the fresh water, and the immersion of the oysters during these flood-tides, it is said, fatten them, until what was at first but a comparatively insignificant oyster becomes a plump and luscious bivalve, filling its entire immense shell. After this operation, the oysters, which, as stated, cost originally about sixty cents a bushel, are placed on the market, and readily command from $1 50 to $1 60 a bushel.

New York exceeds any other city in the world in its consumption of oysters. A short time ago, in order to ascertain some of the sources whence the supply of this favorite bivalve was obtained, a reporter of the *Tribune* visited the two great oyster markets of this city, one being on the west side, at the foot of Tenth Street, the other on the east side, at the foot of Broome Street. The west side market consists of about a score of scows, or "arks," as they are called by some persons, moored close to the bulk-head, for the length of two blocks, the northern limit being at the foot of Perry Street, and the southern limit at the foot of West Tenth Street. These arks serve in place of shops for the transaction of business between the oystermen and the retail dealer, and have doors fronting on West Street, with a movable plank sidewalk between the scows and the street. Behind these scows, and further in the river, are moored the oyster vessels, the owners of which fish in the waters of Staten Island, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, etc. The oysters are brought from the fishing grounds in bulk—that is, loosely deposited in the holds or on the decks of the vessels—and are unloaded by means of baskets at the rear or water end of the scows, on the decks of which the oyster baskets are piled in several layers, according to the supply and state of the market. When purchasers are immediately found by the wholesale dealer, the baskets are carried directly through the ark to and through the front door, thence to the long market trucks or wagons which may be in waiting. On the morning in question a large number of long trucks were in readiness, and the baskets containing the oysters were carried through the arks and at once loaded upon them, to be soon after driven away to their destination. Some of the captains of the oyster vessels prefer to transact their own business, and make sales direct, instead of employing the services of these wholesale dealers, and their vessels are generally moored as near the pier at the foot of West Tenth Street as it is possible to get them, in order that the trucks and wagons may be driven near to the vessels. Should there be only a limited supply of oysters in the market, the whole-

THE VERY FIRST OYSTER EVER EATEN—AT FIRST FRIGHT, THEN DELIGHT.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.

sale dealers generally make a bid for the whole cargo, and take the risk of sales; but when the market is crowded, and the demand small, these independent owners of oyster vessels have to find their own customers, and sometimes are compelled to carry back their cargo or seek another market. It is estimated that during the portion of the year from September 1 to May 1 the lowest daily average received in this part of the city would be about 20,000 baskets, each containing not less than 200 oysters of medium size. This would give 4,000,000 oysters per day at this market alone. During the cold weather this number is often greatly increased, but the general average is about what has been stated above.

The east side market is mostly supplied from the Sound, and from the various portions of Long Island fronting on the sea. About the same number of arks are moored in the East River as on the west side of the city, and occupy the greater portion of the bulk-head from Grand Street Ferry to Delancey Street. The pier at the foot of Broome Street separates the southern portion of this street of arks from the northern; but all of them have an entrance from East Street, upon which they front. Behind the arks were moored, on the morning of the writer's visit, a large fleet of oyster vessels, varying from four tons to 100 tons each in burden. These vessels brought oysters to market from off the Long Island shore between Rockaway and Fire Island on the ocean side to Port Washington on the Sound. All the coves and inlets of Long Island are said to abound with oysters, and a large force of men and vessels is constantly engaged in the work of fishing for them, by means of tongs, etc., and conveying them to market. As many as 40,000 baskets, or 9,000,000 oysters, have been brought to this market in a single day, but the average daily supply through the oyster season is from 25,000 to 30,000 baskets, or somewhat over 6,000,000 oysters. On the morning in question the pier was crowded with trucks and smaller wagons, similar to those used by grocers, the owners making purchases in larger or smaller quantities from the captains of the vessels, or through the wholesale dealers who occupy the arks. Long before daylight these purchasers were on the pier making their bargains and inspecting the stock, in order that so soon as daylight arrived the work of loading up could be begun. It must not be supposed, however, that all the oysters which reach this market are brought in sloops, schooners, etc. A large quantity of oysters is brought daily to New York and Brooklyn in long wagons from Rockaway and other parts of the Long Island coast fronting on the sea. Some of the finest oysters thus reach the city, and readily find purchasers in Fulton Market, where the wagons generally concentrate during the latter portion of the week.

Oysters have other enemies besides men. If the winter is such that the bays where they are planted are not steadily frozen over, the constant turmoil of the drifting ice and the fierce lashing of the storms will keep the bottom torn up and the water so disturbed that the sand either drifts into the shells faster than the animal can force it out, and so kills it, or the currents bury the bed altogether beneath a new bottom. There are also many sea-animals that prey upon oysters. The red drum-fish crushes the shell in its formidable mouth, and devours the luscious morsel within. Two little univalve mollusks, the "borer" (*Buccinum*) and the "winkle" (*Nerita?*), creep over the beds, and with their file-like tongues bore a smooth round hole through the shell (in just such a spot as will paralyze the adductor muscle by which the oyster holds its shell shut), and then suck out the life of the poor prisoner. Lastly, the star-fishes insinuate themselves between the valves and eat the defenseless mollusk on his own "half shell." When left to themselves, oysters grow old and die a natural death, though it has not been ascertained fully what age they reach. An expert oysterman, however, can tell at a glance and to a nicety the precise age of his flock. He examines the successive layers on the upper shell, technically called shoots, and as each of them, overlapping the lower, marks a year, he is at no loss to ascertain how old the house and the inhabitant are, for they are always of the same age. These layers, it seems, are regular, and laid in even succession one upon the other, until the oyster attains its maturity, which is generally fixed at seven or eight years; but after that time they become irregular, are recklessly piled upon each other, and make the shell look bulky and ill-shapen. As some mollusks have been found with shells nine inches thick, and of a perfectly enormous size, it is fair to presume that the oyster, when left to its natural changes, and unmolested, must reach a patriarchal age, and even outlive our race.

THE LITTLE MOZARTS IN ENGLAND.

IN a little German newspaper, eight inches by five in size of page, and dated August 6, 1765, is a letter written from London noting the wonderful performances of the Mozart children in that city. The writer says:

"The famous piano-forte maker of this city, Burkard Tchudy, a Swiss by birth, lately had the honor of making for his Majesty the King of Prussia a piano with two rows of keys, which is much admired by all who have seen it. It has been noticed by everybody as something quite out of the common that Dr. Tchudy has connected all the keys with a single pedal in such a way that the *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, which pianists have so long been desiring, can be produced at will. Dr. Tchudy, too, was clever enough to get his wonderful instrument played for the first time by the most wonderful performer in the world, namely, the seven or nine year old professor, Wolfgang Mozart, the marvellously gifted son of the Salzburg Capellmeister, Leopold Mozart, and already as famous throughout Germany and France as he now is here. It was something quite entrancing to hear this little virtuoso's sister, only fourteen years of age, play with astounding facility the most difficult sonatas, while her brother accompanied her, improvising, on another piano. They both do wonders. The British Museum has not only begged for copies of the sonatas already published in Paris and London, as well as for portraits of this talented family, to add to its remarkable collection of curiosities, but has also received at its own urgent request some original MSS. by this little genius, among them a little chorus for four voices, with English words."

Probably the only record of the residence of the Mozarts in England at all familiar to English readers is that contained in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lx., for the year 1770, No. 8, pp. 54 seq. But people are not much given to reading Philosophical Transactions, and it may well be that even this account, with the interesting incidents therein described, is little known. Jahn, however, with that far-reaching thoroughness prevailing among biographers, has not suffered it to escape him, indeed prints it *verbatim* in his *Life*. One or two extracts will serve our purpose here. It is entitled: "Account of a very remarkable young musician. In a letter from the Hon. Daines Barrington, F.R.S., to Matthew Maly, M.D., Sec. R.S. Received Nov. 28, 1769. Read Febr. 15, 1770." This was the Daines Barrington to whom so many of Gilbert White's letters are addressed. He seems to have been somewhat skeptical as to the age of the two children, and even went the length of writing to Salzburg for Wolfgang's certificate of birth or baptism (probably the latter), before he could be convinced that the father had not imposed upon him when he asserted that the lad was but eight years old. Determined as a true Briton to see that there was no humbug about it, Mr. Barrington put Wolfgang's genius to the severest test he could devise, placing before him a MS. duet, which it was absolutely impossible that he could ever have seen before. The score was in five parts, viz., accompaniments for two violins, the two vocal parts, and a bass, the vocal parts being written in the contralto clef, while the others, of course, were in the treble and bass respectively.

But Mozart was not to be beaten: he first played the symphony in what the writer of the account calls "a most masterly manner," and then proceeded without hesitation to attack the duet itself, taking the upper line himself, while his father sang the lower. His voice, of course, was weak and childish, but "nothing," we read, "could exceed the masterly manner in which he sung." The father, on the other hand, was occasionally "out," and then the son would look back "with some anger," and set him right. He also threw in the violin accompaniments wherever effective. Mr. Barrington can not find words in which to express his own amazement, or the enormous difficulty of the task. Finally he endeavors to explain the latter by the following sufficiently perplexing comparison: "Let it be imagined," he says, "that a child of eight years old was directed to read five lines at once, in four of which the letters of the alphabet were to have different powers. For example, in the first line A to have its common power; in the second, that of B; in the third, that of C; in the fourth, of D. Let it be conceived, also, that the lines so composed of characters with different powers are not ranged so as to be read at all times one exactly under the other, but often in a desultory manner. Suppose, then, a capital speech in Shakspeare, never seen before, and yet read by a child of eight years old with all the pathetic energy of a Garrick. Let it be conceived, likewise, that the same child is reading, with a glance of the eye, three different comments on this speech, tending to its illustration, and that one comment is written in Greek, the second in Hebrew, and the third in Etruscan characters. Let it be also supposed that by different signs he could point out which comment is most material upon every word, and sometimes that perhaps all three are so, at others only two of them. When all this is conceived, it will convey some idea of what the boy was capable of in singing such a duet at sight in a masterly manner, throwing in at the same time all its proper accompaniments."

He was next tried, with equally remarkable results, in *extempore* playing, and Mr. Barrington institutes a comparison between him and other youthful prodigies, such as Handel, and one John Barratier, which latter "is said to have understood Latin when he was but four years old, Hebrew when six, and three other languages at the age of nine." He comes to the conclusion that little Mozart is the most precocious of all. Though a genius, however, he was still a child, and on one occasion, "whilst he was playing, a favorite cat came in, upon which he immediately left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time." So, too, "he would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of a horse." Nor was as yet his young life imbittered by that jealousy among the brethren of the craft which doubtless was one of the main causes of his early death. On the contrary, all musicians whom he met, whether amateur or professional, appear to have done willing homage to the little master. Even Joh. Christ. Bach himself, the youngest son of the great John Sebastian, and teacher of music to the queen, noticed him most affably, and on one occasion took him on his lap and played a sonata with him, each taking a certain number of bars in turn.

We can, then, easily understand the father's proud feeling when he wrote at about this time: 'You can form no idea of it. What he knew when we left Salzburg is just nothing by the side of what he knows now." And again: "'Tis enough that my girl is one of the cleverest performers in Europe, for all she is but twelve years old, and that the giant (*grossmächtige*) Wolfgang, with his eight years, knows all that could be looked for in a man of forty."

During his stay in England Mozart wrote six sonatas with accompaniments for violin or flute, and dedicated them to Queen Charlotte; he also composed several orchestral symphonies, which "Nannerl" with her nimble fingers had to copy out for him.

And this is all that remains on record of this "distinguished visitor" while on English soil. He staid, indeed, for some weeks, if not months, near Canterbury, but the name of his host has not been handed down to us.

And there is but one further incident to mention, if indeed it be admissible at all, inasmuch as it had no connection with the visit to England. Nevertheless, here it is. Lange, Mozart's brother-in-law, the actor and artist, made a sketch of the musician's ear, and by the side of it painted an ordinary ear. This sketch is in the possession of Herr F. X. Jelinek, curator of the Mozarteum. Under the two ears may be read in Mozart's handwriting, "Mein Ohr" and "Ein gewöhnliches Ohr" respectively. The word "Mein" has been scratched out, and "Mozart's" substituted by Lange. The most noticeable feature of Mozart's ear, according to the sketch, was its extreme flatness to the head, which doubtless accounts for the extraordinary sensitiveness of that organ in him.

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Close to my home, where leaves grow deep,
Since where two lovers lie asleep
    Thou lov'st to sing.

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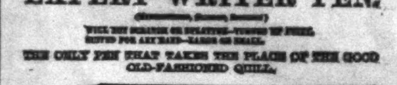

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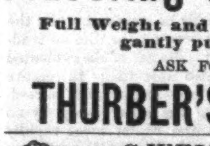
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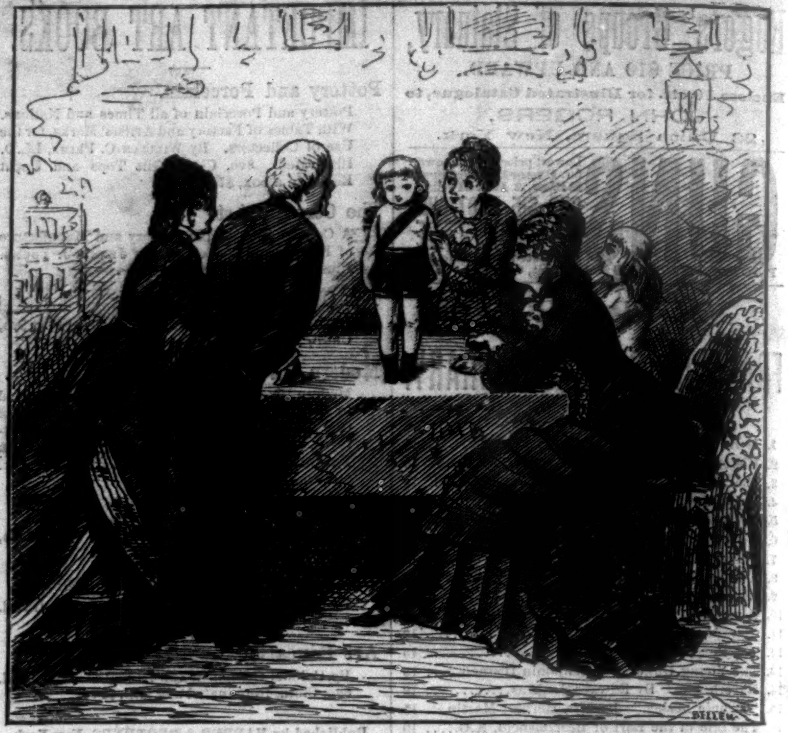

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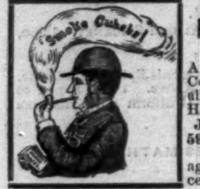

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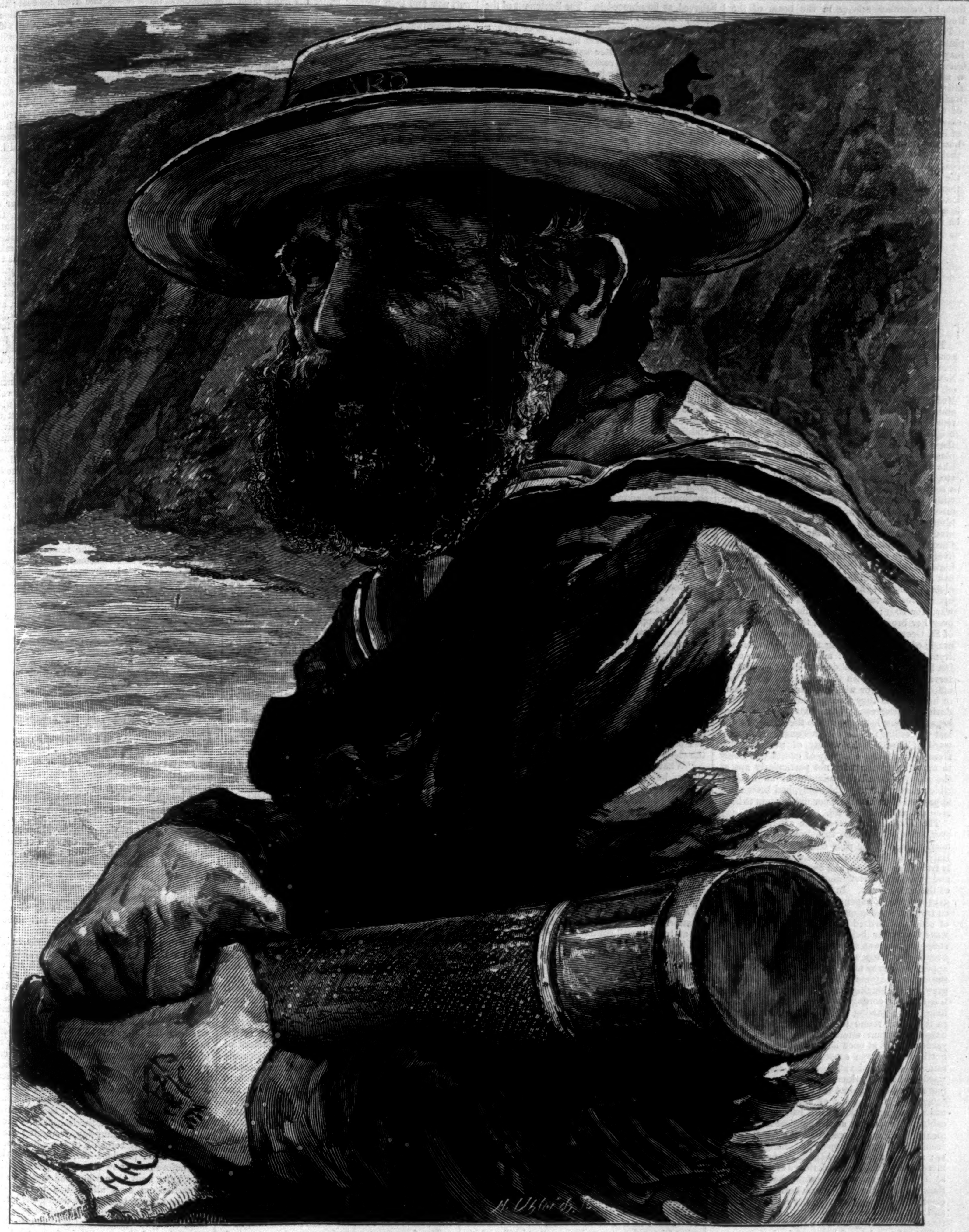

THE COAST-GUARD.—FROM A DRAWING BY H. HERKOMER, A.R.A.

THE COAST-GUARD.

THE English coast-guard was first organized during the time of NAPOLEON I., and was originally intended to defend the coasts from sudden descents of the enemy, and to give warning of the approach of his fleets. The whole coast of England was patrolled day and night, and a semaphoric telegraph, or series of signal stations, encircled the "tight little island," rendering communication easy and rapid. After NAPOLEON'S death the guard was not disbanded, but was employed to prevent smuggling. It is now, and has been since 1857, when it was transferred to the Admiralty, the marine police of England. It forms both a fleet and an army, the former numbering more than a hundred watch vessels, guard-ships, and cruisers.

The coast is divided into districts, each commanded by a captain of the royal navy, and having a guard-ship at one of its ports. Each district is divided into stations, at each one of which a dozen or so of the guardsmen are lodged. The stations consist of groups of five or six cottages, surrounded by a wall, and fronting the sea, and a watch-tower furnished with telescopes, etc. The wives and families of the guardsmen live with them in their cottages free of rent. The pay is about the same as that of a man-of-war's-man, which the guardsman must have been for seven years, and in which he must have distinguished himself, before he can get into the coast service. They are not admitted after the age of thirty-five years, nor retained after sixty-five, but pensioned ($100 per annum) after twenty years' service. It is the riches cast up by the sea which is the chief reward of the guardsman in active service. In cases of wreck, after all life is saved, the guardsman is permitted to do duty on his own account as a wrecker, and not a little of the aggregate salvage awards of England are made to the coast-guards.

Their duties are simple, but often dangerous. The navy cruises along the coast, keeping a look-out for ships in distress, and a sharp eye on suspicious vessels. The force on shore has little to do by day but to walk the beat or district, watch through their telescopes the sea and the clouds for ships and storms, and to communicate with the next post. At night the coast-guardsmen on their beat watch the light-houses and report their condition, thus proving constant spies on the keepers, and securing, by this surveillance, the faithful execution of their most important duties. They observe and report the movements of all suspicious craft, and by means of the electric telegraph, which now surrounds Great Britain, pass their information from station to station. They watch the barometers, and all the other natural and scientific storm indicators, and telegraph every meteorological change to Greenwich Observatory and the Admiralty House. They man in an emergency the life-boats which are attached to the stations, and often are among the

first to volunteer service in the boats of the Royal National Life-boat Institution.

The latter organization, one of the most purely philanthropic associations which has ever existed, may really be considered a part of the coast-guard service. The coast-guard district commander is a member of the district committee of the Institution. Some of the coast-guards volunteer under the cockswain-superintendents in charge of the boats of the Institution in nearly every emergency. Of the 724 gold and silver medals of honor issued by the Institution since 1824 to humane and intrepid persons who have risked their lives in saving others, 207 were given to coast-guardsmen. More coast-guardsmen wear the Albert Medal, given by the Queen in person, than men of any other profession, trade, or service. The guardsman pictured on the reverse page is a fair specimen of the brave men who watch on the British coast.

THE SUNKEN ROCK.

A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES,
AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HAND."

III.

MORE than two years had elapsed, during which peace on land and sea had left the ships of Europe free to deal as they best could with old Queen Nature, far as her homeless water-realm extended, when, late one autumn, the *Thetis* was in the Mediterranean, bound for Naples, with the British ambassador and his suite on board. The frigate, repaired and painted anew, seemed to rise on the bright blue surges, sparkling to the sun, with all the easy grace of former days; and every liquid plash of her coppered bows into their foam was like the renewing of an acquaintance; while they, too, ran and leaped along her high sides as if, to a seaman's fancy, they were trying to keep pace with her in token of welcome. None on board or amongst her crew, however, except Captain Grove himself and the old master, were of those she used to bear about there in the war. "Cautious Carey" was somewhere in the West Indies, the lively Neville off the west coast of Africa, and a hundred other craft had some of her hearts of oak on as many different points of the watery globe. Bright skies, gentle airs, or favorable breezes for the most part carried the *Thetis* eastward for Italy; the white awnings spread daily over her broad quarter-deck, the royal standard of St. George at her main-sky-sail-mast-head, the music of the band floating far across to leeward from her at meal-times: military uniforms, civilian figures, even ladies' dresses being seen at intervals to mingle with the active motions of her officers on deck, or with the sturdy blue jackets of her crew, as they thronged hither and thither during her progress. When sextant and quadrant began to show her approach to the scene of those last proceedings of hers in this quarter, to southward of Sardinia, the variety of preoccupation from so unusual a company of guests was likely to make her commander not particularly apt at the time to recall the minutiæ of an incident which never, except accidentally, had been much impressed upon his mind, nor did he seem to have even remembered it at all.

The *Thetis* found herself one afternoon, however, standing up to northeastward, with a wind nearly fair, into the wide channel which leads to Italy, out of sight of land: the waves came briskly from the southwest, and over the frigate's stern and larboard quarter hung the pale keen azure of the autumn sky. In the east, nevertheless, a gray covering of vapor seemed, as it were, to thicken from it, sending out feathery flakes and shreds of scud that drifted high aloft, contrary to the wave crests far below. Now and then a little strip of cloud was seen to flicker and stream out over the very top of the haze, then again to disappear—a "gray mare's tail," as it was called by the men on the forecastle. The southwesterly wind grew chiller, singing and sighing sharply through the frigate's cordage, and past the edges of her huge sails; passing fits of rain accompanied it, as it shifted round to northwest and north, requiring constant alterations in the trim of the yards; till all at once it finally chopped into the northeast, the rain ceased, a vivid fragment of rainbow came and vanished on a cloud to windward, while the darkening waves rose shorter and more numerous against the sudden check to their course. The gay train of aides-de-camp, secretaries, and diplomatic officials had retired to their cabins in proportion as the nautical activity augmented, and as the spirits of the frigate's crew seemed to be wakened up by this change of weather; and when the last red streaks of sunset glimmered low behind the black ridges of water astern, as if it were dabbled in beyond the openings of their troughs, the *Thetis* was beating up nearly close-hauled, though most of her canvas remained still set, against the beginnings of a gale which threatened ere long to blow with no small violence.

The sole anxiety of her captain, however, was to get her well off the land before the full strength of it came on; since, when afterward unable to show more than storm canvas with safety, and a lee shore only about fifty miles off, especially if the gale drew farther to eastward, none could say in what imminent danger the ship might be placed as she drifted to its force. The three top-sails had already been double reefed, the frigate buffeting stoutly with wind and sea, and driving her massive bows gallantly into the spray that showered over her weather cat-head, while the thickness of the mist had come closing down on her, and the gray scud careered aloft so as to hide her uppermost spars. Captain Grove paced the higher side of the quarter-deck with the accustomed rapid turns and steady footing of a seaman, looking sharply to windward and overhead, and evincing satisfaction at the way in which the old *Thetis* behaved, as he phrased it. The lieutenant of the watch, his glazed hat shining and his rough pilot-coat glistening with moisture, peered every now and then into the binnacle light to observe the compass; the old master was carefully running over his charts and reckoning beside a lantern on the capstan head: it was eight o'clock, and the ambassador's late dinner in the state cabin had been more than usually deferred by the first movements incident to rough weather, commonly more inconvenient than when it has risen toward its height, and the ship has been, as it is called, "made snug." The captain merely waited to assure himself that he might go below, and do the honors to his distinguished passenger.

"Keep a good weather-helm, my lad," said he to the sailor on the upper side of the wheel; "a point higher, if you can, quartermaster." He then stepped toward the veteran master, who had immediate care of the navigation. "Well, Mr. Jones," said Captain Grove, cheerfully, "we shall do yet, I think, if we only keep our own for an hour longer at this rate. We *must* get to windward a little more, though, for a devil of a sneezer this gale looks to turn out before midnight. Ill-tempered while they last, these greggales are hereabouts, Mr. Jones, but not long of blowing over."

"No doubt, Sir," said the master; "it 'll break before morn, I shouldn't wonder, Sir."

"How far off the land do you make her now, Mr. Jones?" asked the commander, pointing to the chart.

"Why," replied the master, holding it toward the lantern, although it flapped and struggled as he did so, "by dead-reckoning since noon, Sir, about fifty miles east-by-south of Cape Spartyvento, which 'll set us somewhere nigh hand eight-and-thirty miles southeast-and-by-south of Cape Carbonnyraw, Sir."

"That won't do, with this stiff gale," said the captain; "and with what we *may* have before long. We must certainly weather the cape a good deal clearer than that, Jones. Mr. Abbot," continued he, addressing the bluff-like first lieutenant, who had just appeared on deck, "you will see the yards braced sharper up, if you please, Sir, immediately; and make her course for the next two hours as exactly east-by-north as you can."

"Just so, Sir," replied the first lieutenant, with respectful alacrity; and as soon as the change had been effected, Captain Grove prepared to go below, his mind now in a great measure at rest. The old master looked again at his chart, fidgeted, and then approached his superior by the after-hatchway, wearing an expression of considerable uneasiness. "But, Captain Grove," said he, hesitating, "there's one thing, Sir, in that case—why—"

"Well, what is it, Mr. Jones?" said the captain, turning ere he should descend. "Pray make haste, though."

"Why, Sir, if I'm right in my reckoning at all," continued Mr. Jones, "that very same course 'll bring us pretty near right upon— Look here, if you please, Sir;" and he held the lantern toward the chart again.

"What do you mean, Jones?" said Captain Grove, hastily. "I really can scarce see the chart at all. Out with it, man!"

"It's laid down plain in *one* o' the charts, at any rate, Sir," replied the master, still faltering, as if afraid of giving some offense; and the captain glanced curiously for a moment at the old man.

"What? which? Go on, Mr. Jones," said he, sharply.

"What they call the—the Twilks Rock, Sir; and at this rate we're going, why, Sir, it's just the very course to bring the ship fair upon some part of it in about two hours' time," was the hurried answer. "The only thing to keep her safe, Sir, so as to be sure," continued the master, "would be to keep her off a point; for you know, Sir, the *Thetis* always comes pretty nigh where she looks."

Captain Grove had started at the first words, as if some unseen hand struck him in the face, and he turned fully round again to the master. "What!" exclaimed he, roused by the suddenness of the thing and its circumstances to the height of passion, "is this cursed invention of an infernal, cunning, lying scoundrel to meet me slap in the teeth *again?* No, Sir! I swore I would sail over *that* spot the very first chance, but I had forgot the thing; and, after all, not on a night when the God that made us shows His power am I going to trouble myself with braving down even a *lie!* But by that God I will *not* flinch—no, not one quarter of a point—from carrying this ship as close to windward as she will go! Because, forsooth, one cowardly lubber has come home and frightened his neighbors with a tale of a flying shoal, and another sneaking rascal goes out and takes advantage of it to better his own affairs, by keeping everybody after in dread on the high seas, *I* am to endanger his Majesty's frigate, and a British envoy, by falling to leeward in a gale near land, for the sake of what I have found myself doesn't exist!" and he dashed his clinched fist on the head of the capstan, to which he had walked. "Mr. Abbot," resumed he, firmly, "you will keep her close up to windward, Sir, till you have occasion to send for me—with a nice helm, too, if you please—and hold on everything aloft. She makes easy enough weather of it at present, and the worst of the gale will probably be near midnight." So saying, the commander hastened below to the state cabin.

The lieutenants continued to walk the weather-quarter-deck, one attending carefully to the binnacle, the other watching how the canvas bore it aloft, both ignorant, except from what they had caught of their superior's words, as to the entire matter concerned. The gray-headed master alone remained leaning over the bulwarks, his hair driven about his temples as he gazed uneasily out, now and then peering under his hand upon the obscure and troubled waste of waters; while the heavy waves struck the frigate's side, and the gale moaned through her bare lower rigging when she rose higher than usual, before plunging sternly down again through the ridge that swelled across her bows. Sometimes a sort of wild, uncertain light would seem to come clearing out, amidst the confused elements, on the gleaming face of the water weltering up into crests of spray; and the mud-colored loose sand was seen flying overhead from below one black cloud to another, but again it blew together, and all was dark. At intervals, however, the master could perceive far to leeward, over the waving, tumultuous outline which formed the horizon, where a glimmering streak of white sky showed the figure of another vessel slanting across it, her close-reefed top-sails alone spread on her three naked masts, like a mere black rag, as if she were some merchantman struggling less boldly with the gale. The frigate, on the contrary, strong and stately as ever, made good way to windward, extending an ample breadth of stout canvas below as well as high on her tall spars; and she still drove ahead, in the utmost apparent security, even the more proudly, too, that her bow at times received the seas over it in a deluge of spray, while her masts quivered in the gleaming fits of the wind like feathered arrows that had entered her newly from the dark above, and every bulk-head below-decks creaked now and then as if her frame were parting.

The envoy's dinner table below was not the most favorable to social gayety, heaving as it seemed to do under the swinging lamps; but the presence of Captain Grove, with his manly and sailor-like character, greatly contributed to do away with all sense of danger in the mind of his distinguished passenger and those of his suite. The naval officers who were privileged to attend—their services not being required on deck—were, as usual, in high spirits, devoting themselves to soften off the discomforts incidental to a gale at sea, and eagerly re-assuring the one or two fair guests by a variety of nautical remarks, which had all the weight of experience to render them consolatory. A frigate in a gale, well off the land, and under charge of British seamen, was soon understood to be greatly safer than a house, or, for instance, a church with crowded galleries; and, in fact, the motion of the *Thetis*, underneath them or aloft, had, after all, a stately ease of swing in it, which required only a little custom to make it even add a feeling of agreeably high excitement to the entire party, rid as they had been of seasickness in the Bay of Biscay. The ladies, however, had retired at length, and the gentlemen sat over their wine, when Captain Grove proceeded to relate to the envoy, as a curious and amusing instance of Admiralty innocence and Admiralty promotions, the whole story of his search for the rock, and his lieutenant's pretending to find it.

"The fellow deserves some credit for his cunning, though," said he, laughing; "for I haven't the least doubt he calculated on what is generally the case in such matters—no one ever venturing there again at all. However, that is not the worst of it," continued he, "for sometimes one may actually be in real danger from the fear of a false one, as we might have been to-night, Sir Henry, had *I* not happened to know the thing thoroughly beforehand. Why, I was so angry at the time I first heard of this so-called discovery, that I'd have given anything to sail over the spot in the darkest night going, not to try it over again, of course, but to show my utter contempt of the thing by never giving it a thought."

"Ah, though, my dear Sir," said Sir Henry, "that would have been rather fool-hardy, would it not?"

"Certainly, in any other than myself, who have examined the ground through and through, Sir Henry," replied Captain Grove. "However, the most curious part of it is that, without my intending it at all—merely as necessary to the ship's perfect safety—why, I believe, Sir Henry, in five minutes' time or little more"—and he took out his watch—"she will pass over the very place in question."

At this the envoy turned pale, as did most of the faces in the cabin; Captain Grove, on the contrary—with all that unflinching firmness of nerve, and that obstinacy which would have made him rather sink than yield to a French line-of-battle ship—remaining cool, both in reference to the possible danger and to the alarm of the ambassador.

"Gracious heavens, Sir!" exclaimed the latter, anxiously, "are you in earnest, Captain Grove?"

"Certainly, Sir Henry," replied he; "but had I not the most undoubted grounds for my conviction, you can not suppose I should have ventured to say what I have, at least till afterward. At any rate, Sir Henry," resumed he, taking up his watch again after a long and awkward pause, "the time is past; I assure you we have gone over this wonderful reef. The thing was a mere trifle, otherwise I shouldn't have mentioned it."

The former conversation was then renewed, with the more vivacity from this relief to such a disagreeable announcement: all were laughing and talking, while the very plash and stroke of the waves on the ship's side, and her deep, weltering pitches, were a source of unconscious satisfaction to hear, as the sign at least of plenty of water underneath.

Captain Grove was in the act of passing the decanters from one compartment of the firm-lashed cabin table to another, when all at once a slight grating touch, as it were, was felt to run along from the ship's keel through her whole vast frame; a wild, hoarse scream seemed next moment to be blown over the after-hatchway; there was a sudden sensation, as if the succeeding wave were too light to bear the frigate, and she were going down, when a mighty shock, like that of the earth receiving a mistaken footstep in the dark, threw every one from his seat; the deck fell all at once steeply over, the timbers quivered, and a fierce burst of water on the side was succeeded apparently by whole seas, with the tumultuous cry of human voices heard even above the gale. The captain had started up, and stood instinctively keeping his feet in the attitude of one still expectant: his white, rigid face, seen by the swinging lamps, would at that instant have quelled any reproaches, had such been likely—incredulity, defiance, and terrible conviction of a reality, seeming to flit across it as quickly as the shadows it caught. Next moment he rushed toward the cabin door, and found his way on deck.

The old master had redoubled his anxieties, till they began at length to yield before the protracted and regular motion of the ship, however violent and deafening the monotonous roar of the blast, when, without further warning, the sharp yell of the look-out men ahead was transmitted aft, to "port the helm!" "Breakers close under the lee bow; port, for God's sake, port!" was the common shout. But it was too late, and the frigate drove fiercely with the next surge upon the white chaos of broken water, then struck nearly amidships, as if she had tried to leap across. Another wave half lifted her, and she came crashing down upon the hard rock, her tall spars vibrating with the force, till the foremast yielded, toppling over, and the upper part of her mainmast shortly followed, when they beat up on her lee side to the back swell of the sea.

The fearful sight appeared to restore nerve and coolness to her commander, and his voice was now heard, clear and trumpet-like, to windward, endeavoring to renew order amongst the disorganized crew, then directing their activity. The wreck of the mast was cut away, the remaining canvas hauled down, and the boats cleared; while, as the vessel formerly distinguished was thought to be still not many miles distant to leeward, blue-lights were burned, and a heavy gun fired at short intervals, so that, if possible, she might be led at least to lie to, and pick up the boats whenever a lull in the gale should render it at all practicable for them to venture off. In half an hour the moon would have risen high enough to shed some light through the scud; and for the last emergency a raft was constructed close alongside in the frigate's lee, by means of spars lashed together upon empty casks, with a stage amidst it for the passengers and ladies, which floated ere long in comparative security on the less turbulent surface now preserved there under the stationary mass of the frigate's hull. Not a single spar now rose above her bare, shelterless decks, the ship groaning and cracking as she heaved to the force of the sea, the spray driven over her tilted weather-bulwarks, while the gale burst upon her bodily in all its bleak, unmerciful strength, wild sounds fluctuating far away to leeward, with now and then seething flashes from the breakers, and fits of misty light eddying through the darkness as the moonlight began to struggle in. Long and anxiously did those clinging to the wreck peer forth, every minute expecting to feel it give way under them, or at best to commit them to the chances of the raft and boats at random. However, the fury of the gale seemed at length for a time to be subsiding; and the light faintly diffused from the moon, although she herself was completely hidden, afforded a view to leeward, where it was with joy, impossible of course to be expressed, that the crew of the *Thetis* could make out the form of the merchant vessel, seen indistinctly now and then between sky and sea. She was seemingly, from her present position, aware of some disaster having happened; and signals of distress having been again made, the officers carefully prepared to embark the envoy and his suite upon the raft, to be followed by the boats.

The former had at last been safely freighted with its living cargo; and when furnished with a lantern on a spar, as well as a small sail to assist its motion to leeward, was slacked off from the side of the wreck; when, as soon as it was free of the turmoil created by the reef, its own buoyancy enabled it to drift down comparatively secure toward the distant merchantman, dimly visible by the lights she had hung aloft, when the raft was borne up on the waves. Two or three of the boats, managed by the oars of their crews, were already imitating the example, and profited by the temporary lull to make progress after the raft; while the remainder were in course of lowering away and receiving the groups of men who swung themselves down out of the lee chains, or jumped right in from the bulwarks. The captain stood by the gangway, overseeing the process, and sternly refusing to leave his post until all should be provided for, the respect yielded him before being now accorded by every one perhaps more truly than when full discipline could be carried out, even although a whisper of the truth had begun to circulate during the last hour or two amongst those who retained presence of mind enough to converse at all. A considerable proportion of the seamen, in fact, with the desperation so frequent to the class in such extremities, had contrived to break into the spirit-room previously to the hope of rescue: their mad shouts and yells of frantic laughter could be ever and anon heard ascending from below-decks, as they quelled in liquor that strange horror of drowning, which made some who would have faced a loaded carronade, or have passed an earring aloft in the wildest hurricane, yet wish to "die drunk." Again and again the attempt had been made to rouse them; and not only had they given no help, but had retarded the efforts of the rest, till their shipmates swore that not one of them should enter the boats if he wished.

The frigate's launch, which had been with the utmost difficulty hoisted out by various contrivances, now floated alongside, filled with the last crowd of men and officers, and held on to the ship's

hull merely by a couple of lines, while every minute increased the necessity for letting go, and she was kept off the side by continual thrusts of the oars. The men shouted loudly for the captain, who seemed still to be detained by anxiety for the insane revellers below, notwithstanding that the hull beneath him shook and groaned to the foaming rush of the breakers on her weather-side, and at intervals its bottom came grinding down from a longer heave that threatened to force the wreck over the reef altogether, when it would no doubt sink at once: the gale, too, was about to come again with renewed fury. Suddenly a half-intoxicated seaman rushed wildly up through the fore-hatch, as if somehow or other restored to a sense of his danger: the wind and spray appeared to sober him on the instant, and he gazed around in utter despair at the seemingly deserted decks. The men in the long-boat were again calling to their commander to descend, when he returned an answer of assent, and sprung hastily toward the sailor in the gangway. "Here, Jackson, my lad," exclaimed he, taking off his uniform coat, "on with this, and jump into the boat! As for me, it shall never be said that James Grove deserted the ship he lost by his own folly." The man instinctively did as he was told: next minute he was safe amongst the boat's crew, and the captain himself let go the ropes which held her to the frigate. One long sweep, and the launch drifted off to leeward, rising on a surge clear of the breakers, while the sailors kept her stern to the coming seas. For one half minute, as they pulled off, the uncertain light showed them the white figure of their captain, bareheaded and in his shirt, as he stood gazing toward them from the dark hull of the *Thetis*—the spray driven across it, and the foam bursting round her bows and astern; then the wind and sea seemed to blot it out. When the seamen found they had thus left their commander to perish, they could scarcely be restrained from visiting their indignation on the poor fellow mistaken for him; but to return and compel him to leave the wreck was then impossible.

No vestige of the old *Thetis*, of course, was ever more seen so as to be recognized; she most probably drove over the edge of the rock soon after the gale was renewed, taking with her the unfortunate captain only and the drunken remnant of her crew—the latter as unconscious of what befell them as the former must have bitterly realized it, and its cause. For as often as he had confronted, without flinching, the anger of his fellow-men and that of the elements, he did not dare to face the shame that falls on one whose self-confidence has turned out supreme folly. A true story this, and one which the old sailor, spinning yarns to his mates, has often shaken his head over at sea.

THE END.

THE ART OF WASHING.

As in most things, so in washing, there are two ways of doing it. Some people take a bath who have but a dim idea of washing themselves, and are vexed and annoyed when told the result is not happy.

It is a well-known fact, but rarely remembered, that the skin is one of the great safety-valves of the human machine—that the millions of little perspiratory tubes with which it is pierced throw out from the inner body an average amount of thirty-three ounces of greasy refuse and worn-out material in an hour in the shape of invisible perspiration, and in the same time often as much as two or three pounds in visible perspiration. Should these tubes or pores be allowed to remain choked with their own secretions, the refuse matter is thrown back into the other great corporeal scavengers, the lungs, stomach, liver, or kidneys. Thus it stands to reason that a careful and general cleansing of the skin is absolutely necessary to the life and well-being of the individual *at least* once in the twenty-four hours, and few people who rejoice in the comfort of cleanliness will feel that it is secured under this amount of washing. And we would also here point out that the mere passage of water, especially cold water (*e. g.*, what is ordinarily called a sponge bath), does not cleanse. In fact, it rather has a tendency to close the pores, which, like delicate flowers, shut up to a cold current of wind or water. We therefore recommend, as warm or tepid water tends to open the pores, to use that with the course of soap-scrubbing (not an unreasonable friction) which should precede the universal sponging. This last may be done with cold water, which certainly invigorates and braces the system, when followed by a reactionary glow of warmth. Should this not occur, it is unwise to use it, and warm must be substituted, especially in the cases of children, who by ignorant mothers are often forced into cold water (from which they have not a sufficiently active circulation to recover) as part of that much-abused system of "hardening," which nine times out of ten ends in "hardening" the child off the face of the earth, or checking its growth.

"Hardening," it must be understood, should be strengthening, *not* "roughing;" and many people with the best intentions think, very erroneously, that to make a child strong consists in causing it to undergo more physical hardships than they, with their perfectly matured strength and age, would dream of doing.

As people in conclusions generally rush to extremes, it might be well here to remark that we do not at all recommend coddling; but no wise mother will put her young children into quite cold water in winter-time, nor with a cold, and, above all, will never allow them to be washed and bathed in a draught, on the same principle of consistency that plenty of fresh air is good, when it is not damp or foggy, but draughts are most injurious.

How wonderful are the inconsistencies of mothers who aspire to hardening children! We knew one who, being told that her delicate child needed plenty of fresh air about its limbs, thought the best way to attain this was to simply half clothe it; so its little shoulders and arms were left quite bare, and its petticoats so shortened that in no way did its clothes touch it, except at the waist; and this in bitter winter weather. Another instance comes to our mind of a lady who, in her desire to harden her eight-months baby, had it put into summer clothes in the bitter weather we have had in March this year, astoundingly blind to the inconsistency of the fact that she, strong and grown up, found the cold too great to put off any of her own warm winter clothing.

The bath is capable of being a great luxury, though not necessarily an expensive one. We can make it exquisite with delicious perfumes and cunningly devised methods of rendering the water like liquid satin or velvet, besides numberless other delights we could mention; and there are few refreshments greater than the contented rest that follows the Turkish bath, as we lie to cool, swathed in a dry warm sheet, on a divan, with our coffee beside us. But not to all is this privilege welcome or possible, and there are means of daily refreshment far more easily obtainable, which are within every one's reach.

You must be armed with a perfectly clean bath, sponge, and one of those pretty Egyptian fibres called "loofahs," to which, in her *Letters from Egypt*, Lady Duff Gordon attributes the soft skins of the native women who use them for washing themselves.

Your soap may be what you like best, avoiding one unpleasantly scented—*chacun à son goût* in this matter.

Your bath partly filled with warm (not hot) water, you proceed to the soap-scrubbing course—and remember that it is not sufficient to smear yourself with a lather, but each crevice and cranny must be conscientiously "holystoned" with your loofah; this being accomplished, which is a very speedy affair when you are once used to it, pour into your bath a large quantity of cold water, and then with a fresh clean sponge thoroughly and effectually rinse every vestige of soap from your person, and, like a dripping water-dog, jump out on a strong rough towel, which should have been previously spread on the floor, and enveloping yourself in another large bath towel, proceed to dry yourself. In this there is a great art also. Some only half do it, and jump into their clothes quite damp, which is very injurious, leaving the crevices and crannies full of moisture. With young children, and people with fine and delicate skins, this often results in a soreness, which becomes painful and troublesome, therefore the urgent necessity of conscientiously drying each crevice and cranny aforesaid. This is soon accomplished, and like a good house-maid, who knows where dust and dirt most easily congregate, you quickly find out where the water, or even moisture, lodges longest.

In the case of little children, for whom soft towels are best, and whose tender skins will not bear hard rubbing, we recommend a little finely powdered white starch or fuller's-earth; and where there is soreness of the skin in the little fat creases of the body, from inattention, a slight dusting of pulverized nutmeg added to the starch, and rubbed softly or sprinkled on with the fingers, will soon heal it.

By this time we congratulate you on your exertions being over, leaving you fresh and invigorated.

And now, for the comfort of those whose hydrophobic proclivities prejudice them against water and washing, we will add a word or two on the few rare exceptions when a cold bath is not advisable. Certainly not when followed by no warm glow; neither when followed by a rush of blood to the head—in both of which cases tepid or warm water should be substituted. There live many men (and women too) "with souls so dead" that they will go into a cold bath, or send their children, when they have some feverish or eruptive complaint. The danger of this should be obvious—that the disease receives a most violent check, and the person's life is even threatened.

If, however, you persist in the use of cold water in cold weather for yourself or children, succeeded by no necessary after-glow of warmth, and will not have the common-sense to use warm or tepid water, then put in a table-spoonful of spirit of some sort into your bath—whiskey is best, though eau-de-Cologne or spirits of wine will do—and you will have your glow. This often prevents chilblains in persons of slow circulation.

In cases of illness, where washing has to be done, it should be managed with the greatest rapidity, combined with tenderness, and the drying should ensue without a moment's delay.

No one need complain that they can not have a "good wash" because they do not happen to possess a bath, for this may be easily accomplished after Miss Nightingale's plan, in the rules she laid down for her lady nurses who accompanied her to the Crimea: even if they had but the poor accommodation of a small basin, they were to thoroughly sponge themselves from "top to toe," and this is possible to the poorest of us.

As a soldier keeps his arms bright and clean for daily use, let us now show how very necessary is the proper care of the weapons of the bath.

In the first place, insist on your bath being kept very clean, and having it scrubbed out with salt or sand at least once a week, and always *thoroughly* dried daily.

Then with regard to that all-important weapon, the sponge. Many people have their peculiar tastes in sponges. The two kinds of this very beautiful and wonderful growth most used are the Turkey and the rock or sand sponge. The Turkey is preferred for its extreme softness, but the great difficulty of keeping it clean makes it undesirable for daily use, except for babies and very young children, who naturally require something quite soft.

The rock or sand sponge, which is the common honey-comb, is the best for ordinary bath purposes, for it keeps much cleaner, being more largely perforated than the Turkey, and also cleanses and rinses away the soap more effectually than the other.

In choosing one that you wish to be serviceable and wear, look for as white and woolly a one as you can find, with just a few, perhaps only two or three, large holes; this, if a sand sponge, and thoroughly deprived of sand, you will find both soft and tough—desirable qualities. The rock sponges, which are not so common, and very tough, never have sand in them.

Few articles of human use are more abused than a sponge, and few things in the cause of cleanliness are allowed to reach such a dirty state. What is more unpleasant than a dirty sponge? It scents a whole room, and the odor is horrible; and how refreshing is its sweet sea-smell when new, and kept clean!

If you wish to preserve your sponge as a means and implement of cleanliness, you must never allow it to *lie wet*; to accomplish this, after thoroughly rinsing it, you must not merely squeeze it, but you must *wring* it as dry as you possibly can. If it is a poor one, and tears—well, never mind, you can now so cheaply buy a new one, if you ask for pantry or stable sponges, which are just as good as the better-shaped so-called bath sponges. Besides, it is better to have a ragged *clean* one, and buy another, than use a bunch of decaying, putrefying stuff, which only gives you back the human grease and dirt you have been so careless and slovenly as to leave in it, till it becomes almost corrupt.

There is a remedy for dirty sponges in the sponge powder sold by druggists; also slices of lemon laid to steep with it in water form another; and some people recommend vinegar—it should be white vinegar in that case. But the best of all is simple fresh cold water.

Rinse your sponge thoroughly every time you wash your hands, and you will be surprised to see how dirty the water becomes even when you fondly imagined it faultlessly clean. If possessed, however, of a slimy horror, rub it in strong soda and water, or soap it thoroughly, as laundresses soap the linen they wash, all over with some common household soap in which there is much soda, and then rinse, rinse, rinse in many waters till your sponge is restored to you clean, yellow, and sweet.

Avoid what many people do—putting their wet sponges out of the window to dry. They are rarely dried previously, and there they lie, heavy with wet, exposed to the evaporation of air and sunshine, which both combine to rot them. A common sponge basket is the best receptacle.

In the case of washing wounds, you can not be too extravagant with sponges; the same piece should never be used twice, however well washed, but always burned, for the very water is poisoned by the rinsings of the wound, and minute particles of poisonous matter adhere to the tiny passages of the sponge's interior, which can not always find their way out again, especially in the case of fine Turkeys.

Putting aside the pleasure and comfort of being clean, we must ever uphold the important hygienic necessity of efficient ablutions, and whilst it is well to have art in all matters of personal and other decorations, it must not be forgotten that "the body is more than raiment." "Cleanliness" being also "next to godliness," we trust that it will not be found superfluous to have given a few hints on the art of washing.

ANECDOTES OF DOCTORS.

AMONGST the most honored of all the professions is that of Medicine. It is often also a very lucrative one, especially if a medical man gains a name in the *beau monde*, and, still better, is called upon to attend royalty. It is said that William III. during the first eleven years of his reign paid the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe on an average not less than six hundred guineas per annum.

At a more recent date, royalty has not shown itself ungrateful for medical services. Mr. Wadd states in his *Memorabilia* that the physicians who attended Queen Caroline had each five hundred guineas, and the surgeons three hundred; and that Dr. Willis was rewarded for his successful attendance on King George III. by fifteen hundred per annum for twenty years, and six hundred and fifty per annum to his son for life. The other physicians had, however, only thirty guineas each visit to Windsor, and ten guineas each visit to Kew. A physician's ordinary fee at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries was ten shillings; but if it happened that his patient was a man of condition, the doctor expected gold; and, still later, several pieces of that coin, from rich patients. A good story is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. The doctor dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them. But Sir Richard, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet.

"Are all the guineas found?" asked his lordship, looking round.

"There must be two still on the floor," was Sir Richard's answer, "for I have only three."

The hint of course was taken, and the right sum made up.

Another physician, who had been accustomed to receive a three-guinea fee from an old lady patient, received one day only two, and had recourse to one part of Sir Richard's artifice, and assuming that the third guinea had been dropped, through his carelessness, looked about on the floor for it. The result, however, was rather disappointing.

"Nay, nay," said the old lady, with a smile; "*you* are not in fault. It is *I* who dropped it."

How much of "hope deferred" is experienced by many doctors in the beginning of their career, before the guineas become plentiful, is little known by the public. It is said that the great surgeon Sir Astley Cooper, whose income eventually varied from fifteen to over twenty thousand per annum, earned five guineas the first year, and in his fifth his fees only reached a hundred pounds. But the day came when patients waited for hours in his anterooms before they could obtain an interview with him, and even then perhaps were compelled to go away without a consultation. And for some years one patient alone paid him six hundred pounds annually for professional attendance upon him at his seat near Croydon.

Though there are numerous instances of large sums being received by doctors for successful treatment of their patients, it is rarely that they reap substantial benefit, beyond their ordinary fees, in cases of failure; instances, however, are known.

A story is told of a French lady who put herself into the hands of a surgeon to be bled; the operator used his lancet so clumsily that instead of a vein, he cut an artery. This mishap eventually caused the death of the lady. With a mixture of humanity and irony, she made a will in which she bequeathed a life-annuity of eight hundred livres to the surgeon, on condition "that he never again bled anybody as long as he lived."

A Polish princess, about a hundred years ago, who lost her life in similar circumstances, had the following clause inserted in her will: "Convinced of the injury that my unfortunate accident will occasion to the unhappy surgeon who is the cause of my death, I bequeath to him a life-annuity of two hundred ducats, secured by my estate, and forgive his mistake from my heart. I wish this may indemnify him for the discredit which my sorrowful catastrophe will bring upon him."

Bleeding in those days, notwithstanding its risks, seems to have been regarded as almost a sovereign remedy for present ills, and an antidote against prospective ones. A good story is told of Lord Chesterfield, and a friend of his, Lord Radnor, who was fond of acting the surgeon as far as bleeding was concerned. We will give it in Mr. Jeaffreson's own words, from whose interesting *Book about Doctors* we have obtained a portion of our information.

"Lord Chesterfield wanting an additional vote for a coming division in the House of Peers, called on Lord Radnor, and after a little introductory conversation, complained of a distressing headache.

"'You ought to lose blood, then,' said Lord Radnor.

"'Gad! do you indeed think so? Then, my dear lord, do add to the service of your advice by performing the operation; I know you are a most skillful surgeon.'

"Delighted at the compliment, Lord Radnor in a trice pulled out his lancet-case and opened a vein in his friend's arm.

"'By-the-bye,' asked the patient, as his arm was being adroitly bound up, 'do you go down to the House to-day?'

"'I had not intended going,' answered the noble operator, 'not being sufficiently informed on the question which is to be debated. But you, who have considered it, which side will you vote on?'

"In reply, Lord Chesterfield unfolded his view of the case; and Lord Radnor was so delighted with the reasoning of the man who held his surgical powers in such high estimation, that he forthwith promised to support the wily earl's side in the division.

"'I have shed my blood for the good of my country,' said Lord Chesterfield, that evening, to a party of friends."

Amongst the doctors who have lived in this century, Abernethy perhaps figured most conspicuously. Though many of the stories related of his brusque manners and sometimes rude speech are said to be false or exaggerated, sufficient are authenticated to leave no doubt of his eccentricity. He had, however, under a rough exterior a kind heart. He often refused or returned his fees if he discovered that his patients were poor. In one well-known instance a widow lady, whose child had been under his care, received from him, inclosed in a friendly letter, all the fees he had taken from her under the impression that she was well able to pay—he had learned that her means were straitened—and in addition fifty pounds, which he begged her to spend in giving her child a daily ride in the fresh air. To the honor of the profession be it said that instances of kind consideration and true generosity are far from rare amongst medical men.

It is difficult to imagine how Abernethy could act with so much kindness and delicacy of feeling toward one lady, and yet give such offense to another that she exclaimed: "I have heard of your rudeness before I came, Sir, but I was not prepared for such treatment. What am I to with this?" she added, meaning the prescription he had given her.

"Anything you like," the surgeon roughly answered: "put it on the fire if you please."

He had met his match. The lady took him at his word, placed his fee on the table, and his prescription on the fire; then, with a bow, left him. Abernethy instantly followed into the hall, apologized, and begged her either to take the fee back or allow him to rewrite the prescription; but all to no purpose; the lady would not yield.

On another occasion the doctor was forced to own that he had the worst of it. The story runs thus. He was sent for one day in great haste by an innkeeper, whose wife had in a quarrel scratched his face with her nails to such an extent that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy thought this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of